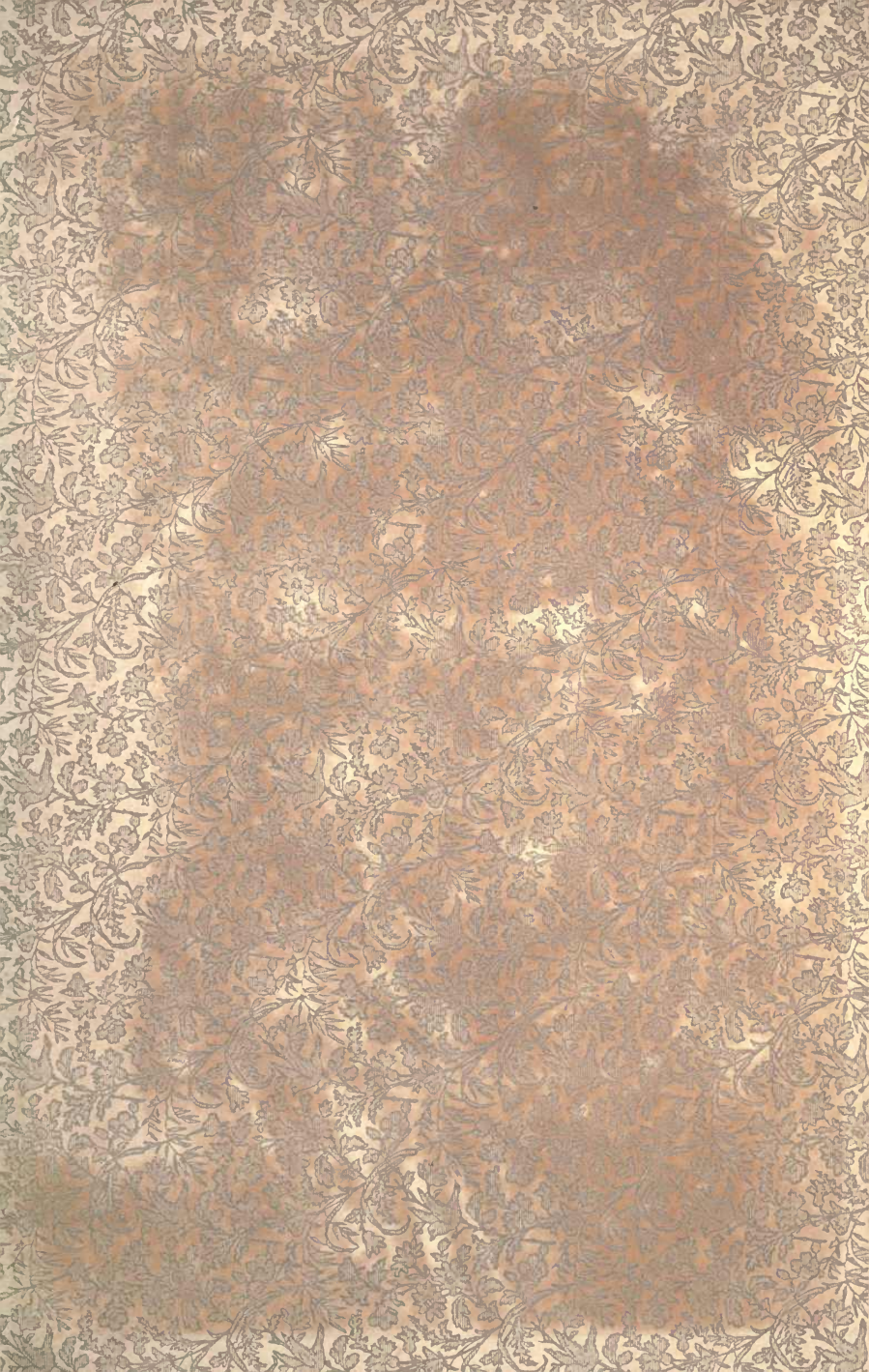


ANECDOTAL
REMINISCENCES

SIR GEO. DUCKETT
BART

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ANECDOTAL
REMINISCENCES

OF AN

OCTO-NONOGENARIAN

BY

SIR G. F. DUCKETT, BART.,

Knight of the 1st Class of the Saxe Ernestine Family Order; Knight of the Order of Merit of
Saxe Coburg-Gotha; Officer of Public Instruction in France; Great Gold Medallist of
"Science and Art" in Austria and Germany; French Emperor's Gold Medallist;
Gold Medallist of the French Republic for services rendered to Archæology;
Corresponding Member of the Society of Antiquaries of Normandy; and
Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries.

———*he visto contra el bueno la boca impura de la atroz calumnia
lanzar impunemente su veneno.*

TANCREDO, acto iii.

Hendal :

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY T. WILSON.

—
1895.

TO THE MEMORY
OF
MY MOTHER,
DAME ISABELLA DUCKETT
(Born 1781. ob. 1844.)

1811—1856.

"STAT SUA CUIQUE DIES."

I HAVE been asked to write sundry reminiscences of a long life by one or two charming young ladies, and by one or two most agreeable ladies of maturer age. We all know the influence of the female sex upon mankind, so this will account for my compliance, though I am fast becoming blind, and I know not the time of my departure. Egotism is part and parcel of personal memoirs or autobiography, and cannot in any way be got rid of or avoided ; a remark made at the outset in order to unburden my conscience of an otherwise unpleasant characteristic.

That "every dog must have his day," is an old saying, and a rough translation of the heading motto, nevertheless, if in that day more than ordinary occurrences transpire beyond the usual hair-breadth escapes of life, it may be worth while to perpetuate their memory and commit the same to paper. Above all, however, in noting the events of a long life, it behoves that individual, whoever he may be, to be thankful that he has been spared to recognize the finger of God in all things, and that also, for some good end, believing that the fate of man is known before ; that nothing happens to any one by chance ; some being born to honour, others to dishonour ; and that as Scripture tells us, "no sparrow falls to the ground" unknown to our Heavenly Father : that even "the very hairs of our head are all numbered," so

the thorough acquiescence in the belief that "known to God are all his works from the foundation of the world" must most assuredly be admitted.

But some one may remark, in what way has the life of the writer of this memoir materially differed from the ordinary life of any other. The answer is, that brought up with great expectations, he became involved in the ruin which overtook his father just as he came of age, a fact which may have somewhat hastened that event, nevertheless, the ruin was so complete as to leave him face to face with beggary. The why or wherefore of the event, and how it came to pass, concerns the history of another.

The first matter of any historic interest which I can call to mind, is that when at school at Putney, and ill in bed, I heard some one say that the Princess Charlotte had just died. As her death took place in 1817, I must have been just six years old at the time, having been born in 1811; an early age for a boy to be at school, but it was fraught with one advantage, that it made me in early life a year at least in advance of my age. Contemporary with this is another incident. I was at Brighton at a part since known as Kemp Town, but at that time not extending beyond the Royal Crescent. The cliff had no railing to protect passers by, and grass grew along the edge the whole distance. My sister was on a donkey; the servant-maid must apparently have left it to its fate, and the animal making for the grass at the edge, I stopped it just as it was on the point of commencing operations. I never got praise, that I remember, for this feat, for the servant, possibly for

good reasons of her own, kept the matter to herself. It was, however, (though I say it, who should not say it), a nice and manly act in a boy of that age. A man who records the events of his life must necessarily be egotistical as already observed, and it cannot be avoided.

In 1818 I went to a school on Wimbledon Common, not far from a site known as "Cæsar's Camp," under the Rev. Joshua Ruddock. His wife had been, as far as I remember to have heard, a nursery governess in the Duke of Somerset's family, if not in some other of equal importance. This must account for the fact that with the exception of myself and another, the boys without exception, belonged to the *noblesse*. It may be as well to recall their names. Lord Edward Thynne, the Earl of Kerry, Lord Dalmeny (father of Lord Rosebery), Charles Bennet (now Earl of Tankerville), Fred. Robinson, son of Lord Grantham, Lords Archibald and Algernon Seymour (afterwards Dukes of Somerset), William Cowper (afterwards Lord Cowper-Temple), Robert and Edward Curzon (sons of Baroness de la Zouche), Duncan (afterwards Lord Camperdown), and Ponsonby (afterwards Earl of Bessborough). Of these Robinson, Bennet, and Robt. Curzon (afterwards Lord Zouche), were my friends, but none of them are now living, save the Earl of Tankerville and the Duke of Somerset. The Rev. J. Ruddock showed but little. His idea of exercise was original, namely, in a tax-cart without springs whereby to increase the jolting. His death was announced one morning to the assembled boys, and I for one left the school at once for Harrow in 1820. At this school I obtained the prize for good

reading, and the best translation of one of the Fables of Phœdrus.

I remember shortly after this, from the drawing-room windows of the house in Sloane Street, rented by my father, to have seen the Life Guards marching past to their drill ground for field exercise, then almost fresh from Waterloo, and the occupation of France. This ground formed at that time the open unenclosed common or fields, now covered by Eaton Square, Eaton Place, and I know not how much more of Belgravia. Wormwood Scrubbs did not, until long after, supply its place. As to localities, I remember to have heard my father say that he remembered Grosvenor Square a farm ; and I myself, well remember Tyburn turnpike, which ended all things in that direction up to the now disused burial ground.

My tutor at Harrow was the Rev. W. Drury, the son of Mark Drury, under the Head Master, Dr. Butler (afterwards Dean of Peterborough). The Drurys were one and all Masters at Harrow, and included Henry Drury, cousin to the above William. Of the Wimbledon boys, Fred. Robinson was the only one who came to Harrow, and he also came to Wm. Drury's, and it was stipulated, by his mother (I think), that he should be in the same room with "little Duckett." I am not sure about Dalmeny. During the three years that I was a Harrow boy, I seem never to have gone beyond the "shell," a very considerable time being passed in the third form. These small boys were the only school "fags," for unlike Eton, fagging was not allowed. In that capacity I had unpleasant encounters with one

sixth form boy at the same boarding house, named Calvert (afterwards Sir Harry Verney), with whom the toasting fork was the usual instrument of asserting authority on my stretched out hand. Beyond being "tipped" on Speech Day by Lord and Lady Grantham, there is nothing very worthy of note, save perhaps the following. I do not know how many other boys undertook the task, but I remember to have repeated one of the Eclogues of Virgil (I forget which) from beginning to end, without missing a word. I certainly could not perform that feat now. For this performance I obtained a prize book, "The Domestic Customs of the Romans," for which my father paid, I will not of course say, more than double its value. What Harrow may now be I don't know. I never had any children to send to any school, but it required "purging" in those days, when "rotten boroughs" and jobbery of all sort were paramount in everything handed down from the two preceding centuries. Can one now say *On a changé tout cela* with any truth, when "nepotism" still goes for much?

There can be no doubt that the ill a boy learns at a public school far exceeds any good he acquires, and I may as well relate the following. A boy named Sansom and myself agreed to break out at night and go up to Vauxhall. It was the custom at that day to go there in evening dress. Accordingly with light dress shoes, then called pumps, Sansom and I sallied forth. We had, in order to avoid the street, to pass through the garden of Mark Drury, in order to get over the park paling and fence of Lord Northwick's park. A deep

ditch on the other or park side of the fence was quite unknown, so that the consequence was, that both my pumps came off and stuck in the mud. This of course in the dark was a very pretty state of things. It was impossible to go on, and equally dangerous to recede, but the latter was the only alternative. How I ever got back through the garden in question, obtained fresh shoes, and made a bold start for the street, and found the tax cart at the bottom of Harrow Hill, which was to take us up to Vauxhall, is a mystery to the present day. This illustrates the badness to which youth is exposed, being an instance (the first with me) of those "wild oats" which it is frequently expected to sow.

Whilst on the subject of breaking out, I am reminded of a case in which I was let out of a window by Dering (the present Sir Edward). I held on to his wrist as far as he could reach, when I let go, and came safely to the ground with a drop of about twelve or fourteen feet. The boys used to poach and catch perch in Lord Northwick's park, as soon as the day broke. I know no man whose face has undergone less change than Sir Edward Dering's, up to the last ten years.

Mark Drury and his son, became (I heard), involved, after I left Harrow, and found themselves safe at Brussels. In the third form with me was a boy named O'Brien. He was about my own age, say nine or ten, and was afterwards known as Stafford O'Brien, of Blatherwick Park, in Leicestershire. I never met him in after life, but the verses he composed on Wm. Drury, still in my possession, show the greatest talent for one of that age. I remember the lines perfectly.

In relating my Harrow life, I am jotting down matter without regard exactly to date, but which transpired during the three years I was there. In this way I remember a feat I there performed, and that was in running to the first mile stone and back, whilst the bell was "ringing for school." As the bell rang for a quarter-of-an-hour, the time so occupied was fifteen minutes, but I dare say many another man or boy has done quite as much, for when I was in the 82nd, a sub-altern, Wykeham Martin (Leeds Castle), walked five miles within the hour, accoutered in the full marching order of a private, coming in cheered by the men. This fine young fellow who was lost in the "President," was something under six feet.

Part of the Harrow system was, and still is, I presume, to compose nonsense-verses, though there is a doubt in one sense, as to the case I am going to relate, because the epithet applied equally to verses of the other sort. In order once to make a line scan, I took out of the "Gradus ad Parnassum," one of the many epithets applied to Achilles, and that in question was "stultus," for some unwise act which that hero of antiquity had committed, for we all know that no mortal "*omnibus horis sapit*." With all imaginable respect for him, however, I must have thought that he might as well have the benefit of it, so down, therefore, it went—"stultus Achilles." On this conveniently-scanning epithet, Wm. Drury's remark to me, was both admonitory and retorting—"I suppose, said he, laying due emphasis on the word "stultus," "you judge of others by yourself."

Boys, no doubt, are very wicked, bad, and un-

governable, and I remember once or twice a plot for "eating out" our tutor, an expression old Harrovians will understand. Such a plot came off on one occasion, and I and another boy, above all others, asked for repeated "helps" of beef. William Drury was in the dining room, superintending the eating up of his provisions by his locust-pupils ; he could stand it no longer, so he came up to us and gave us a box on the ear. This he had no right to do, castigation being the special privilege of the Head Master ; moreover he was a tall, stout party, so what he did in that way was not child's play. The reminiscences of early life are more indelibly impressed on one, than those of after-life, so in addition to the foregoing, I remember on one occasion some Anabaptists who made too free use of our dubious piece of bathing water, called "Duck Puddle," to carry out their baptismal ceremonies, were set upon and knocked about, going away both wetter and less sightly than they came. Still those were the sort of lads who formed, and whose forerunners had formed the stuff which made up our "leaders of forlorn hopes," now an entirely by-gone term ; boys who would stick at nothing, and knew how to behave in the day of action. Do the English now require a poet to inspirit them, as Hahn did the Germans ?

There is no accounting either for tastes or fashions, for on the "breaking up" of school, on arrival of the usual holidays, a custom prevailed for boys to turn out in "top boots and knee breeches." Whilst I commit these words to paper, the very idea seems at once unmeaning, still in that style of garb, the grand object was

to get first up to London. The journey was performed in the postchaise, now only known by name, and to attain that end the post-boy galloped nearly half the way. Clinton Dawkins (afterwards Private Secretary to Lord Aberdeen), on one occasion performed this senseless exploit with myself. I met his widow upwards of sixty-seven years afterwards, whilst tenanting a house in Oxfordshire.

Whilst I pen this part of my reminiscences, the "Harrow Register," long in hand, and just published, has reached me. Among other names is that of Anthony Trollope, the novelist. I had not been aware that the miscomfort of his school days had been so known, or thought worthy of record; the book in question, however, states the fact, p. 88. He and his brother, or perhaps he alone, was pounced upon by boys to repeat his "pedigree," whenever they met him, and usually after each repetition the repeater received a kick, more or less innocent, more or less severe. For a little defenceless boy this state of existence must have been a sore trial. The first lines of his pedigree still din in my ears, deduced as it was from "Tally-Ho Sha" the Norman (*who*) came over with William the Conqueror," and whose "descendant a little time after killed three wolves," (looking as though the head of the family had tally-ho'd the three wolves, which the descendant exterminated). "*Trois* being the French for three, and *loup* the French for wolf, the name was called "Trois loups," and after many contractions, our name became Trollope." These were the *ipsissima verba* of the same, but before the recital of the final word, the boy

made himself up for a "bolt," so as to avoid the kick. I was once caught in the act by his mother, for Mrs. Trollope rented a house just out of Harrow, and witnessed the whole ceremony, either being in ambush among the laurels, or in some other way. She reported the matter, and I got a moderate reprimand from my tutor. It would *prima facie* look very much as if my conduct in the pedigree line had neither been forgotten nor forgiven, though, of course, a purely accidental coincidence, for the same person, afterwards in the Post Office, was sent to investigate one of the many outrages which occur in Ireland, a country partaking of the character of the Marches of Wales, in which "The King's Writ did not run," being nothing more or less than the forcible opening of a sealed document by the magistrates. I remember that he called, but I must have been absent, or out shooting, for I did not see him, but he saw the Priest, and the Priest's mother who kept the Post Office, to whom the letter was entrusted, and reported the outrage in such a way that the General Post Office took a view of the case, altogether in direct opposition of the facts. I do not for a moment say that he did the same unwarrantably, for in cases in which the "end justifies the means," truth is disregarded, and so the Post Office emissary heard but one side of the case, and reported accordingly. The Lord Chancellor, however, took a very different view of the matter, and gave the magistrates a most severe reprimand, and that, one of them, the late Lord Lifford, told me privately. This is somewhat of a digression, but not the only one likely to occur in these pages.

Poor Fred. Robinson, who grew up to be a very fine broad-shouldered man, with whom I was afterwards at Christ Church, Oxford, died prematurely about ten or twelve years afterwards ; he probably over-grew his strength, and had the seeds of delicacy in his frame. He, I, and another boy, whom I forget, were one day "out of bounds," firing pistols in a field. Suddenly a tall country rustic came upon us ; he had been watching us. We ran for our lives ; Robinson fell, and was taken prisoner ; I got clear away. The man said to him, "Oh if I could only have caught that little fellow in black," being then in mourning for my grandfather.

One or two reminiscences more here, and I have done. My father living in Herts, I used to get leave to go home on a half holiday (Saturday), so as to return by "school time" on the following Monday. For some unexplained reason, I used to ride there and back with the groom on my sister's pony. He was a perfect picture of a diminutive, and what is known as an entire horse. His strength was great, and his temper bad, but the boys all flocked around him to admire his sleekness and form whenever I made my appearance before Mr. Drury's boarding house, in time for early morning school. Whether any boys of my time attained to any eminence I am not able to say, beyond Wordsworth, who became Bishop of St. Andrews, Manning (the Cardinal), who had been Archdeacon of Chichester, and Merivale.

The oak panels of Harrow schoolroom are (or were) worthy of note. Boys of all sorts, whether afterwards to become celebrities or the reverse, carved their names on the same. Byron's name was said to have

been carved by himself. The Lord Mayor in 1891 gave a Harrow dinner. I was myself the senior guest on that occasion, though Sir H. Verney and Sir Edward Dering, both much senior to me, were not present.

My father was renting at this time Theobalds (not the park), belonging to Sir George Prescott. The latter had been a Royal residence in the time of James I. A piece of water in the grounds contained some of the largest carp I ever remember to have seen. The Waltham Abbey waters were about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant, and I must not overlook two matters which occurred just about the time I was leaving, or had quitted Harrow. The first is the fact of my having caught a *spent* salmon in the said Waltham Abbey waters. These cuts, rivers, and so forth, used to hold abundance of pike. I was trolling with snap-tackle on one occasion in company with the officer of Engineers then in command of the powder mills, at a part called "Newton's Pool." I hooked a good fish, but had little idea of its being other than a pike. At length, however, it was brought to land, and turned out to be what I have said, a *spent* salmon. It must have been there a long time, and had lost all the attributes of a salmon, in fact looked like a long thick eel, or something resembling the sea fish ling, but less thick. "Now George," said Colonel Boteler, the officer in question, "let us measure the fish on the butt of your rod." ; it measured two feet eight inches. The marvellous part of the matter is, how could such a fish ever have got up the Lea from the Thames. There are endless locks to pass on this navigable river—I can not say how many—but there the salmon had got, and few

naturalists could exactly determine what length of time it would take for a salmon to acquire that peculiar figure, long and lanky, as I have said it was. It could not have gone beyond the said "Newton's Pool," which put an end to all things on that branch of the Lea. If in good condition, a fish of that length would have weighed at least thirty pounds.

The officer just alluded to, was a distinguished Engineer Officer, and had served under the Duke of Wellington during the entire Peninsular war, and from his special calling at all the siege operations undertaken by that commander, including Burgos, Ciudad-Rodrigo, St. Sebastian, &c., and in fortifying the lines of Torres-Vedras, the master-piece of the war. He was a constant visitor at our house, and was lost in returning from Canada some ten or fifteen years after his Waltham Abbey command. This reminds me of another military man, an old Indian General named Osborne, whose services went back far into the last century. He had been a Captain in a Sepoy Regiment at the siege of Seringapatam, and its capture in 1799. My father enjoyed immensely to hear all these two men had to narrate. But where were their distinctions for such services? Every thing is now overdone, and done moreover in the wrong way. The longer I live, the more I am led to doubt, whether the men of this country will ever be able to retain what their forefathers conquered, and *vice-versâ* that the present race would never have been able to conquer what their forerunners overcame. No doubt some reader, fresh from school, will simply dub me as "*laudator temporis acti*;" nevertheless, when

women drive tandem and four-in-hand, have not men slunk into the shade?

The second matter, which was of great public notoriety at the time, was the trial of Thurtell and his associates, before Chief Justice Parke, at the Hertford Assizes, for the murder of Wear. The particulars are in print. The whole crew were a set of low gamblers or worse, and Wear, one of them, had won money. Thurtell shot him whilst leaving London in a gig, somewhere near Elstree. The body was thrown into a pond. Three of these men were tried. My father had been High Sheriff for the County either the year preceding their trial, or was so in that year, I have quite forgotten, but the Under-Sheriff, Mr. Nicholson, father of the present Sir Richard Nicholson, put me in a place close to the dock, so near, indeed, that I could have almost touched Thurtell, who was on the right of the three prisoners. I must have principally watched the faces of these men, for I remember nothing of the evidence, and I can recall their looks as if it were only yesterday. Thurtell was a strong built fellow about five feet nine inches high or more, and had irregular features of a rather low type; Probert next to him, was a taller man and rather better looking, and had curly hair; next to him was Hunt, a short man and dark, something like a Jew. Thurtell was sentenced to be hung, Probert having turned King's evidence; and Hunt was transported for life. The ruffian Probert was hung for horse-stealing about twelve months or two years afterwards.

In 1824-5 I passed to a private tutor in Beds, the

Rev. John Taddy, and in 1827 left him for Germany. Mrs. Taddy, on one or two occasions, selected me to drive a sort of open or outside car. The construction of the vehicle was highly faulty, for on one of these occasions, on turning off the road somewhat too sharply, I upset the whole concern, Mrs. Taddy, three children, and maid. I got off with the loss of my shoes, and was deposited with the rest on the grass of Ickwell Green.

In looking back, it is singular to observe how, without any plan or intention, I seem to have been mixed up with Frederick Robinson. That magnificent place, Wrest Park, belonged at this time to his father (or rather to his grandmother, Lady de Grey). Blunham, which was in the adjoining parish, was in the gift of Lady de Grey, and here Robinson once or twice came to stop with Mr. Beechcroft, the incumbent. As a matter of course, he came over to see me, and it was decided between us, that I should find my way to Wrest; this accordingly took place. There was a great assemblage of different sorts of people, who dined or pic-nicked in the grounds. The pieces of water were drawn, and some of the largest pike I ever saw in my life were caught.

I had (after a time) for my companion at Northill, a boy, Cecil Turnor, son of Edmund Turnor, of Stoke Rochford, near Grantham, in Lincolnshire. I shall never forget his first appearance on arrival. He had been expelled from Sandhurst, as a ringleader in a mutiny or row, and the Duke of York had forbidden him ever to get a commission. His hair was cropped to a shortness unknown to any but Sandhurst boys of that day. I never

came across any man in after life for whom I had greater regard. He grew up to become one of the handsomest men "about town," and a great roué, universally popular, and beloved by many, and by myself for one. He never married, and afterwards became a Plymouth Brother ; cut the so called world, and shut himself up for twenty years or more at Malvern, and for some years afterwards at Cheltenham, where he died in 1888-9. I was at Malvern in 1874. My dear old friend was difficult to catch, but his servant named an hour in which I might be able to do so. He still wore the high collar and dress of his palmy days, which of course made him an object of some curiosity. He had in every sense become what is known as a "Saint," and was perfectly happy and resigned to his seclusion and lot. We had a drive or two together in his pony cart, and though strict and tight laced as he was on subjects connected with the outside world, he could not help giving me an account of a celebrated run he had had with the Quorn in Leicestershire, going into all the details of a good gallop across country. All at once he stopped, saying, "I really must not go on in this way."

This digression brings me to my first escape in life, one such as few survive, and miraculous in its result. Whilst at the said tutor's, and at home in London for the Easter holidays, it happened that on the Sunday of the 26th March, 1826, I rode a horse of my father's in Hyde Park. It was the fashion to ride on Sunday in those days. The horse was only fit for driving, and by no means one to be selected for the saddle ; moreover I was light, and the horse was strong and power-

ful, and had done a good deal of work probably. He had a habit of "slipping his collar," and getting to the bean chest in the stable. This trick he had played on the night of the day I rode him. During my ride in the Park I met an old Harrow boy named Davis, whom I afterwards knew as Captain in the 52nd at Gibraltar. Rotten Row was quite unenclosed in those days, with grass on either side, and separated from it only by a sort of low ditch or grip. Somewhere towards the top at Kensington Gardens, I thought we were both riding slowly, when I put my horse into a canter. The brute bolted, and in leaving the grass put his forefeet into the grip skirting Rotten Row from the road, fell, and broke his neck, killing himself on the spot. I was thrown over his head and fractured my skull. The extraordinary part of the accident was, that I retained a perfect knowledge afterwards of putting the animal into a canter, but remember nothing, not the slightest, of the fall. The only thing which I can remember is, that I found myself in bed being bled, when I again swooned away. The accident was witnessed by a gentleman and lady who were walking, and afterwards called at my father's and narrated what they had seen. The boy Davis lived it would seem in Portland Place. He accordingly rode away to seek out my father's address in the Court Guide. As for myself, I was left lying in a state of unconsciousness with the dead horse. After some long time, the news went forth that a gentleman had met with a serious accident in Hyde Park, but no one, though a large crowd had collected, knew aught about me. My father's house was then in Park Lane, about

ten houses from the Marble Arch end. His coachman happened to be standing near the house, and seeing many persons running, asked what was the matter. On hearing he joined the rest, and was the first to find me in the state described. By that time the Blues or Life-guards had sent a stretcher to take me to St. George's hospital, but it would seem that the servant had given notice to the family at home of the fearful accident, and a medical man arrived with a hackney coach, not at that day permitted within the gates, in order to remove me. This was an accident such as few men survive, indeed not one out of a million. The fracture it would seem was of such a kind, that the skull was not depressed which would have required trepanning; on the contrary, the fractured portion was "elevated," thus pressing in no way on the brain. A great quantity of serum or fluid escaped, and formed between the skin and skull, which required great skill to disperse. Sir Benjamin Brodie, and Mr. Powell, a surgeon under him, treated the case, and with great medical care, after some months I was restored. The truth is, that I believe from the elevation of the skull, the brain had more room to develop itself, for I no doubt became a sharper boy, as far as my intellect was concerned, than before the accident. It is moreover noteworthy that the fall never made me timid as a rider in after life, or in any way took away my nerve. Herein also lies a parody. The boy whose life hung on a balance outlived all his family, and is quite as much a G.O.M. (in his way), as many another, or even as the celebrated statesman so called. As regards the medical treatment of the fract-

ure, had the skin been punctured and the serum or fluid allowed to escape, I should have died. The dispersion was effected by constant application of spirit.

It was in May, 1827, the year following this event, that I left England with my father, and the son of our Vicar at Roydon, in Essex, who had just been ordained, and had been selected to go with me as tutor. I remember the Duke of York had just died, and all gentle people were assumed to be in mourning. It was either at Boulogne (or Calais), I forget which, that my father bought or hired a large heavy close carriage, with driving box and rumble behind. He was full of anecdote when we reached Charleroi of the Waterloo campaign, as to the route the retreating army of Napoleon had taken, and how the cry burst forth on all sides, "*la garde Impériale est abimée.*" We uniformly dined at different *tables d'hôte*, at which my father, excellent in French and German, talked for himself and for us. We never failed whilst in Belgium, to visit the churches, which made some impression upon me, and in that way we visited the Cathedral at Cologne, for our route passed along the banks of the Rhine as far as Mayence. At Wiesbaden we had a disturbance with some driver of a cart, who ran against our carriage. My father called the man a "Spitzbube," which appears to have been an indictable offence, for he summoned him before some magistrate or judicial official. Before arriving at Frankfurt I was caught in a thunderstorm which drenched me to the skin, for I always, by preference, sat in the rumble behind. I mention this as the first experience of a German stove, which on our arrival was ordered to

be lighted, and gave me the first insight of its drying capabilities. By way of Fulda and Eisenach, the high road from Frankfurt to the north, we at length reached Saxe Gotha, where I and my tutor were to be domiciled. We alighted at the "Three Moors." My father's title of baronet was soon converted into "baron," and as in Germany the son bears the title of his father, during my whole sojourn at Gotha, I was uniformly so called. My tutor, who was in Dean's orders, was always styled "Mr. Deacon." He was an excellent man, without any religious cant, but extremely shy, and to his credit he forced me to go into society, in which he himself did not wish to figure. I was nominally attached to the Gymnasium or Public College of Gotha, but attended no lectures, the College Professors giving me French and German instruction at our own apartments. Gotha lies on the main road from Leipsic to Frankfurt and the Rhine. With the hotel keeper of the "Three Moors," the rout and retreat of the French army in 1813, after the memorable battle of Leipsic, was a never-failing and endless topic, for Napoleon had halted here for a short time. It was no doubt a matter never to be forgotten, for that army in its retreat from Moscow, which had fought its way back, made its last stand at Leipsic. Here it received its *coup de grâce*, and as far as I know, it from that time became a case of *sauve qui peut*. It was here at the "Three Moors" that Napoleon took a few hours rest on that memorable occasion; and the animated way in which the host related the helter skelter of the fugitive French, and the memorable fact of Napoleon's short halt at his hotel was remarkable, but like all other stories, improved by successive repetition.

This evidence is important, though probably overdrawn, still the rout of the French after Leipsic is an historic fact. Their defeat at that battle was much due to the defection of the Saxon troops, and their going over from the French to the Allies on the 19th October, enabling the latter to turn the guns of this contingent against them, consisting of sixty pieces of artillery.

My father, who had been brought up in Germany after quitting the Charter House, first at the "Ritter Akademie" at Lüneburg, and afterwards at Brunswick, and had figured on occasions at the Ducal Court of Brunswick, impressed his wish upon the Director of the Gotha College, that I should be presented to the reigning Duke. It was only occasionally that he came to Gotha, but in due course His Serene Highness held a levee at one of the Summer Palaces, which I attended under the protection of the College Director, the celebrated Döring, renowned for his knowledge of Greek and annotator of the Greek Plays. This was my first *début* at a Court, and I acquitted myself very badly, and naturally so, for I was far too young. The Duke's innate *bonhomie* forgave my gaucheries, and on subsequent occasions had a kind word to say to me *en passant*. The Duke was a moderately tall man, very upright, with a great deal of military bearing. He had married the daughter of the Duchess of Saxe-Gotha and Altenburg, and was father of the late Duke Ernest II., and Prince Albert, the Queen's Consort. The Duchess, who was a daughter of the Elector of Hesse Cassel, resided constantly at Gotha. The Duchess Louise had been separated from the Duke the very year of my

coming to Gotha. She died in 1831 at Paris. I was too young to enter into any of the circumstances of what had then become public, and knew nothing further than that such separation had occurred.

In the neighbourhood are three castles in ruins, called "the Three Gleichen," perched on the summit of three eminences or hills, and forming together a sort of equilateral triangle, in about the same state of ruin and very much resembling those on the Rhine. These Mr. Hood and I visited on horseback, indeed we rode a good deal, but principally in the direction of the Thuringian forest. At a gorge or entrance of it lies Schnepfeuthal, a place of great resort to the people of Gotha, especially during the time of the festivities known as "Vogelschiessen." There was really no road to it at that time (or *Chaussée*) ; it was simply an up and down country track, unfit even for a waggon. Soon after our arrival at Gotha, the place was visited by a thunderstorm, the worst that I can recall, and I note it for that reason. We occupied apartments at the house of the Director's daughter, a little way out of the town. Our German tutor (Heinrich by name), was a young divine, and eventually married the daughter, and became Director of the College. Our French tutor was an emigré, named Millinet, a very jovial hearty fellow, and I have to thank him for correcting some of my Anglican French pronunciation. He had been in the suite of Prince Blücher, and so attended that great gathering which took place in London after Waterloo, when the Emperor of Russia, and King of Prussia came over. In what way I first became acquainted with the Duchess of Gotha's *Dame*

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 as much of the game as a donkey, and as it was for
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d'honneur, I quite forget. She was the widow of a Prussian General Officer, who fell in the wars of Napoleon, Madame de Brûxen, and probably between forty and fifty. Her knowledge of English was very limited, but she sought to improve it by making me call and holding conversations, such as they were, in that language. She also sent me communications in writing as to what I ought to do, in attending the Duchess's Court at fixed times. When I look back on the past, I am astonished to think that a boy of my age, fifteen, should have been capable of appearing at Court, and I consider it a great favour that I was tolerated. Madame de Brûxen was always very *empresée* in acknowledging our salutation when we met her driving with the Duchess. The equipage consisted of four horses, the two leaders being under charge of a postillion in green, with silver lace livery. The daily drive seemed to be round the outskirts of the town. Without exception, Sunday afternoon was always the day on which the Duchess received her Ministers and gentlemen of the Court. I remember on one occasion she accidentally dropped her handkerchief, which a gentleman of the Court picked up, and handed to her with infinite grace. I was invited one evening to a Court reception, at which tables were brought in for whist, ombre, or some such game of cards. I was told off to play with (I think) the Countess of Wangenheim. I knew about as much of the game as a donkey, and as it was for money, the lady was awfully angry and disgusted at the reckless style of my play, and the loss of her money. But what with one thing and another, we passed our

time very happily at Gotha. The Duke on one occasion had an open-air *souper* in the Orangery, below the great Ducal Castle, Friedenstein. I remember his leading out, when the entertainment was over, the Princess Hohenlohe, followed by Prince Leiningen leading her sister. This *al fresco* style of thing could never take place in that foggy damp climate of England ; I remember the whole Orangery was ablaze with lights.

I had to undergo a very trying ordeal on one occasion. It was on the Duchess of Gotha's birthday. All who were of that position had to go and make their bow, and whatever speech they were capable of putting together. My French Master, who I dare say took good care to let out that he had concocted a fine effusion for me to use on the occasion, drew up something in French. It would have been far too long winded for a perfect French scholar, but for me quite beyond my years or abilities. I got through my task, though to the Duchess I might as well have tried to speak in Hebrew. I remember the ending was my desire to add "*mes vœux les plus sincères à ceux de toute la Cour.*" All this speaks much in respect of forbearance, for now that I have gone through my life's journey, I doubt whether with my temperament, I could have stood or endured what passed, had I been in the same exalted position.

I cannot call to mind the month, but it was during a combination of birthdays, that an English lady, Mrs. Langford Brooke came to Gotha with her son. She was well acquainted with the Duchess's lady-in-waiting,

and was bound for Weimar, at which certain Court festivities were to take place in honour of the natal days of some of the Grand Ducal family. She took me in her carriage to Weimar to attend the same. The young Grand Duchess of Weimar, as she was then styled, was sister of the Emperor of Russia, and remarkable for her complexion and looks. Weimar, which possessed Goethe at that time, was stocked with young Englishmen, figuring at Court in English uniforms. I remember one of them, Francis Seymour, afterwards about Prince Albert, and eventually Marquis of Hertford. Mrs. Langford Brooke must have made some stay at Gotha, for skating was going on, and her son was a very bad performer, and she admired my better execution in that way. I was afterwards with him at Oxford, when he was a gentleman commoner of Corpus.

There are few countries, save the United States, in which fire is more to be dreaded, or was at one time more prevalent than in Germany. Opposite to our house at Gotha, was a large timber yard and carpenter's establishment, separated only from it by some water, in which timber was placed to season. One night my Tutor awoke me. The timber yard was in a blaze, and had the wind been from it instead of the reverse, nothing could have saved our house. During the time I was at Gotha, an entire village just outside the town, on the road to Erfurt was burned to the ground, not a vestige of a dwelling remained.

Before leaving Gotha I did not omit to visit Eisenach, celebrated for the Castle in which the Elector

of Saxony harboured Luther to put him beyond the power of his enemies. The chapel in which he performed the service ; the table on which he is said to have translated the Bible ; with ink stain caused by his throwing the inkstand at the Devil in the shape of a buzzing fly, were all to be seen, as they still are I suppose at the present time.

During the time we were at Gotha, Mr. Hood and I went to Dresden, but confined ourselves as a rule to Gotha and its surroundings. His father, the Roydon vicar, of whom I have spoken, died during the time he was with me, and this for domestic and pressing reasons obliged him to go to England about the spring of 1828.

Some years afterwards I passed through Gotha in returning in 1840 from Berlin to England. I was then in the army, and had been attending the "Huldigung" festivities on the accession to the throne of Frederick William IV. Schäfer (the host of "The Three Moors," at Gotha), was still at his post, and the conversation turning on my first acquaintance with it, one of the passengers, whom I had seen at Court at Berlin, remarked : "Oh, here it was that you learned to speak such good German." But what is there, that has not, and will not pass away. This to me linguistic ability, has become more than rusty ; fifty years have had their effect. Schiller it is, who says :—"es weinen die Götter, es weinen die Göttinnen alle, dass das Schöne vergeht, und das Vollkommene stirbt"—but on things human, one may moralize for ever.

I was occupying on this occasion the *coupé* of the Eilwagen or Diligence. A German Professor who was

also returning to his post at Bonn or Heidelberg sat next to me. This was thirty years before the *promenade á Berlin*, and its victorious result for the Germans, but he was beyond measure irate with the French, and as one of the class who play a higher political rôle than the same-named individuals in England, spoke very authoritatively. Should France, said he, ever disturb the peace of Europe again "we will have her partitioned." He very little foresaw the revenge his country was destined to have for Jena, and other degradations which Germany, but especially Prussia longed to obtain. Those were the days I fancy, of Hahn's poetical aspirations, viz. of "Strasburg, and Metz, and Lorraine"; nevertheless, the French are a very great nation; second to no other in the art of war, and foremost in the arts of peace; difficult for a foreigner to understand, and as difficult for any but a "Napoleon" to govern.

I remember it was on the 1st of May of the year 1828 that I left Gotha, in charge of a *voiturier*, for Dresden. I really had learned very little German as long as Mr. Hood, my tutor, was with me, but now I made good progress, and take credit for the way in which I followed my father's directions in respect of masters. The routine occupied about six hours each day. First came the Professor of German, then the French Master, who had been an officer in the French army, then the Dancing Master, for my father insisted very much on that accomplishment, though from my serious accident I was forbidden to waltz. This ended with the Drawing Master, but I am ashamed to say, that I generally

utilized that hour in general conversation and chess playing. The Terrace of Brühl, overlooking the Elbe, the Catholic Church, the Opera, and Picture Gallery, were all attractions then and since. There were four or five young Englishmen, all much older than myself. One was Jekyll, the son, I believe, of Joseph Jekyll, and another Bigge, afterwards at Oxford, and subsequently Archdeacon of Northumberland. During the early part of my stay here, Lord Northampton died, and his remains were taken by boat down the Elbe to Hamburg. I remember making the acquaintance here of Baron and Baroness Maltzahn. The latter was an English woman, sister of Paulet (Powlett?) Thompson, created Lord Sydenham. Some years afterwards when I had left Oxford in 1831, I met her at Pyrmont. She was with her children, and I think was "separated" from her husband, but I may be mistaken.

The time at length arrived when it was settled that I should quit Dresden, and join my mother and sister in Paris. This would have been in the August or September of 1828. I went by a *voiturier* to Strasburg, and from thence by *diligence* to Paris. Here I put up at Meurice's, and was actually a whole day at the hotel before I discovered that my mother and sister had already been occupying apartments in the same hotel for some days. Before I made this discovery, it came over me, boy though I was, to hire a cabriolet. I certainly had never driven a horse in my life, save in a sledge at Gotha, and at my Bedfordshire private tutor's, so the first thing that I did was to collide with a waggon in the Rue St. Honoré. I should

have heard more of damage and the pecuniary result had I been alone, but I take it payment was made by some one, and no more said about it. The English were fearfully unpopular in France in those days. They are so now, and ever will be, as long as the vulgar British snob asserts his independence in the odious manner so thoroughly his own. I very well remember a female flower vendor saying quite audibly to my face : "*Que les Anglais sont imbéciles.*" A play was going on every night at Paris at the time "*Les Anglais pour rire.*" It was really not at all bad, and very ridiculous, as the portraying of John Bull must always be in the hands of a Frenchman.

My father who was a great fencer, and acquired the art of using the straight sword in France and Germany, commissioned me to bring home two or three foils, known as *fleurets à violon*, not then known, or at least to be had in England. His reputation as a swordsman was so acknowledged, that some of the boys at Harrow used to ask me if my father "did not get up at night and fence with the bed post."

Steamboats in 1828 used to ply between Dieppe and Brighton, and landed their passengers at the Chain Pier ; a fact impressed upon me from the amount of sea-sickness I endured.

My father had no wish that I should sacrifice my Latin and Greek for modern languages, so on returning to England in that year it was decided, that I should go again to my private tutor in Beds. I soon quitted him for the Rev. Brooke Mountain, at Hemel Hempstead, with whom I stopped until I went to Oxford.

He was a very different sort of man to my previous tutor, and was son of the late Bishop of Quebec, a post which his brother held also at that time. Here again Fred. Robinson, who had gone up to Christ Church, had also been ; a fact which I never knew till I went there, Sir Astley Cooper, who lived in the neighbourhood, having originally mentioned this tutor to my father. At the same time with me was Henry Cole, Lord Enniskillen's son, and Robinson's cousin. He was assumed to be preparing for the army, but this consisted in dipping into Napier's Peninsular war, and otherwise doing nothing. He had been at Harrow, was a wonderfully fine grown fellow, and subsequently went into the 7th Hussars. He entered Parliament, and was for many years M.P. for Enniskillen (or Fermanagh, I forget which). The Coles of that day were a tall race. I bought a horse of him, which was half a Cossack, and had been bred by Lord Enniskillen. This horse was an undeniably good hunter, and I sold him when leaving Oxford for 120 guineas, to Hans Hamilton, afterwards M.P. for Co. Dublin, notwithstanding that he was much blemished on the quarters, from chafing on board one of the then sailing packets between Ireland and Holyhead. This horse never made a mistake ; he did not know how to go wrong. It was chiefly owing to his performance, that " Billy " Freemantle (afterwards Dean of Ripon, and a very different sort of man), proposed my health at a " Mitre " dinner, as " a straight-forward rider across country." The Dean was one of those, who I have remarked in life often turn out the best, for they have something more in them than hunting and such like propensities.

I remember as regards myself, to have worked very hard during the time I was at Hemel Hempstead in 1828, and to have taken moreover a pleasure in it. Indeed when I left it to go to Oxford in 1829, his words to me were "you are fit to take a degree *now*, but what you will do I do not know."

That following year of 1829, found me a gentleman commoner at Christ Church, but I had a valet, a groom, and two hunters, a large yearly allowance, augmented by substantial tips from my mother, so that I put all study aside, and gave myself over entirely to hunting, which was then not interdicted as in after days. I acquitted myself so well in different examinations on first going up, that I received considerable praise. Whether it was this fact, or that I never "knocked in late" after "Tom," during the whole nine terms I was there, I never went near my college tutor above three or four times. All this is very unexplainable. Speaking of nine terms, that was the extreme limit for these called "privileged" to put off the "Little Go," now known by some other name.

Three of my old schoolfellows were at that time at Christ Church, Bennet (then Lord Ossulston), Frederick Robinson, and Robert Curzon, the two former having entered of course as noblemen, the latter, however, as a gentleman commoner. These grades have long been abolished, and in my opinion very foolishly so. It would be needless to recapitulate all the men across whom I came, some of whom I knew, and some only by sight ; among the latter were Gladstone, and Sidney Herbert. The Duke of Beaufort, and Sir Thomas

Mostyn (or rather Drake of Amersham), hunted the Heythrop and Bicester countries; Lord Kintore and afterwards Lord Ducie's brother, Moreton, hunted the Vale of White Horse. The first winter I kept my horses in Oxford; the next in the Duke's country at Charlbury; the third year in Drake's country at Bicester. Perhaps no man had a more dignified (or regal) appearance than the Duke of Beaufort, as Master of the Heythrop in 1830, and no finer rider ever sat on a horse than his huntsman "Will Long." The Duke hunted his own (the Badminton), and the Heythrop countries. He rented Heythrop House, which was burned down whilst I was at Oxford, I think, or shortly afterwards. The blue livery of the Beaufort hunt, and the green plush of the huntsman and whips, were unique in their way; and these two colours are still, I believe, maintained.

In due course, I was elected to the "Mitre," which was purely a hunting club. Lord Waterford with whom I was a contemporary during my whole Oxford life, never would belong to it, for some reason or other. He had two wonderfully good Irish horses, both stallions, with the then common docked tail, and gave evidence in those days of all the wonderful things he did afterwards in Leicestershire. He was an open-hearted fine specimen of a nobleman, perfectly understood by those with whom he mixed, and very much belied by those who knew nothing at all about him, or who in point of character "could not hold a candle to him"; as Carlyle said of the English population that they were "mostly fools," so these dissentients were

"mostly snobs." I remember on one occasion from my having jumped a sunk fence in Lord Redesdale's park, which must have been, I think, in the Heythrop country, that I was first up after the huntsman (Will Long), when they ran into their fox, and that Waterford came up in an excited manner, calling out, "Remember, George, I came in third." This reminds me of a black mare I was riding on that occasion; she was a wonderful creature, and was bred by Sir Charles Knightley, and had a habit of giving her tail (the bang tail just then in fashion) a swing, whenever she went at her fences. She was quite unsurpassed as a water jumper, so I named her "Water Wag-tail." I bought her after winning a wager by jumping a brook between Bicester and Oxford four or five times backwards and forwards; it was a brook which many horses would have refused to jump once.

I may relate something of which I was the only witness, when coming back to Oxford in company with Waterford after a day's hunting. I entirely forget how it all came to pass, whether he, or the ploughman to be spoken of, was the aggressor, but it so happened, that the latter said something very impertinent. It was, if I remember, on the Bicester or Charlbury Road, and Lord Waterford gave me his horse to hold. I shall never forget his "pitching" into this fellow, and their both getting well into a pond, which skirted the road. It was very ludicrous, but the labourer, I called him ploughman—he may have been any farm servant—had had quite enough of it, so we rode on, and there was no more said about it. But those were the bygone days,

when putting your little finger on a man was not an offence for imprisonment, and made a manly fellow act just as Lord Waterford did, without sneaking off "with his tail between his legs," to use a vulgarism. I bought a horse of him, not up to his weight, and I mention it from a peculiarity it possessed, of which I never knew a similar instance. This horse would allow no groom to "dress" his head, and as clipping had just then been introduced for the first time, he presented a curious appearance, with the unclipped head in contrast to his other parts.

I do not wish to dwell too much on my hunting exploits, seeing that in after-life I went in for literary credit, and acquired honour in that field, nevertheless, I performed a feat with the above-named mare, and an Oxford hack, which would vie with a good many. I rode the hack fifteen miles to Charlbury, where my horses stood. The hounds met at a gorse, the name of which I have forgotten; they killed their fox within six miles of Cheltenham, which is forty miles from Oxford; by the time I had taken the mare back to Charlbury, had mounted my hack, and reached Oxford, I had covered a hundred miles. But I cannot omit to record a still greater feat, not of my own, but of a horse. There were no less than five packs within reach of Oxford; one of them, the Warwickshire, had a meet at Fenny Compton, to which I drove an Oxford hack (thirty-five miles) in three and a half hours. This was a grand piece of work for the horse, but a cruel act, of which I am now ashamed. The animal, I remember, was a mare, and I galloped her over a great part of the road. I quote the reminiscence

to show what a good horse can do, but I have no reason to be proud of the part I took in it, in fact, the feat seems almost incredible, and I much doubt whether a horse could have performed the distance in the same time with a rider on its back. The distance and time are both indelibly impressed on my memory, but I could not be so positive as to the name of the Meet, although no other than the place named was within reach at all of Oxford. I once posted with Cecil Turnor to the same meet. As I, at the outset, have alluded to my escapes in life, I have another to allude to ; indeed it happened with that very identical mare of Sir C. Knightl y's. On this occasion I was hunting with the Vale of White Horse, for I do not think the Old Berkshire Hounds hunted the part of the country I am about to speak of. It was in the vicinity of Lechlade, and was during a slow hunting-run, that it was necessary to jump a very broad piece of water. I put this mare far too slowly at it, and she just missed it, landing me on the bank, and coming right out of the water with her fore feet on my face. I consider this escape the second, for the blow blinded me at once, and an Oxford friend, still alive, Simon Watson-Taylor (of Erlestoke Park), like a good Samaritan, saw me put into a post chaise and dispatched to Oxford. Of course both my eyes were black for many a long day. A Christ Church friend (Hartopp, of Little Dalby) took me soon afterwards to stop with him in Leicestershire. People wondered who his friend was, with those two black eyes, especially his Reverend uncle one Sunday in church, who took me at first for a "bruiser," and was

sufficiently horrified. Hartopp mounted me during my stay, and I remember two good runs with the Quorn.

Whilst at Oxford in 1829, the first boat race with Cambridge was won at Henley. I did not go to it, as I cared nothing about boating. Oxford continued to win for some years in subsequent races. Boating was very moderately pursued in my day, and nothing has undergone more change than the appearance of the Isis at this time. Coaching was then much in vogue, and John Dutton (Lord Sherborne's brother), and Barnard (afterwards Lord Willoughby de Broke), with others, passed a fair portion of their time on the Henley and High Wycombe roads, for good coaches ran on both those London roads, but which had the preference I forget. Perhaps the best known "drags" in those days both hailed within sight almost of Oxford, viz.: Sir Henry Peyton's four greys, and Annesley's roans. The former prided himself on being able to drive his team *slower* than any other man; a merit which only adepts will be able to appreciate. His figure in the hunting field, and that of his son, then called "young" Peyton, were remarkable, but few are now living who can recall them.

One or two reminiscences occur to me. Although I did not play, I belonged to the Bullingdon Cricket Club. The members wore a very appropriate dress, and most of them rode up to the ground on Oxford hacks. On one occasion after dining in the tent, there was a hack race, and fully ten or a dozen competed for it; the come-in was on good level ground, but the starting point was intersected by most awful ruts. Off we

went—I made such reckless play over the said obstacles, and got such a start, that though mounted on about the slowest horse of the lot, I had nearly reached the straight course or turn towards the finish, before the rest were over half the course ; they none of them could make up their lost ground ; I won in a canter, and pocketed the stakes.

There was an undergraduate at Christ Church, in the early part of my Oxford career, somewhat “horsey” in his proclivities, who was much enamoured of a horse dealer’s daughter. The father was quite cognisant of the fact, and of his daughter’s attractions, but in the end plainly told the young gentleman, that “no one should have his daughter save through the *“halter.”*” This the enamoured naturally declined, and took the loss of the girl less to heart, than the gibbet looming in no distant future. Many similar and dissimilar stories, which “point a moral and adorn a tale,” occur in the biography of most young men, still, many probably, though instructive in respect of the moral to be deduced therefrom, are better left unrecorded. And now whilst in the moralizing mood, and in respect of myself, it just occurs to me, that even under the penalty of a certain amount of eccentricity, I have done many things in life, out of the beaten track of fashion and custom. In allusion once in conversation with certain Yorkshire friends, as to some one peculiar act or another, which I had carried out in my own way, I remember to have said, “It matters little what a man does, so long as he abstains from anything blackguard or dishonorable.” Sir Tatton Sykes, who was still living at the time I

resided in Yorkshire, kept me traditionally in countenance, for it was always admitted as a story of him, that he drove home the first flock of sheep he bought ; and broke the stones by the wayside, whilst the man, so occupied, went home to his dinner. He was, perhaps, the last of the "fine old English gentlemen," as the song has it, "one of the olden time."

The Oxford hacks were in my time proverbial. I rode one from Oxford to Ascot and back (I think the distance was forty miles), but the ride so disgusted me, that I vowed I would never go again to a race in my life, and I have kept my word.

I cannot very well close my Oxford career, without alluding to two more incidents. Lord Hillsborough, afterwards Marquis of Downshire, who was a strong powerful man, and some others, amongst whom I was one, were all standing in the centre of Peckwater. He gave Lord Conyers Osborne, what he intended for a slight tap in joke, but unfortunately it turned out to have been a blow sufficient to kill him. If I remember rightly, the latter went to his rooms at once, and soon after died. Another remarkable fact occurred also in Peckwater, during a violent thunderstorm. One of the College servants was crossing the quadrangle, and I was looking out of the window at the time ; the man was carrying a quantity of keys, and I saw a flash of lightning come down on him. I believe I was the first to be on the spot ; the man was standing upright with his eyes staring and fixed, and motionless ; he ultimately recovered, but not for a long time. One more incident and I have done ; it has reference to hunting breeches,

above all things in the world. It was a cant saying of those days, that leathers, owing to their expense, were only worn by "eldest sons." Mine I remember, whether from cleaning or otherwise, or the less roomy cut of them, were so tight, that I was obliged to make my servant hold them up, whilst I jumped, worked, and squeezed myself into them. This became a standing joke against me, both then and in after life. My old friend, Cecil Turnor, was at Brasenose, and a great hunting man, and though unlike him a "hare of many friends," my own acquaintance at that period, had made great progress, but I think of all friends I made at Christ Church, I kept up my acquaintance with Charles Barham, afterwards of Trecwyn, in Pembrokeshire, as long as with any. His mother, Lady Caroline Barham, was accidentally killed by a cab. Lord Thanet, his uncle, had always (indirectly perhaps), given him to understand that he would become his heir, and in that way Barham had unlimited sway over his estates in Westmorland, &c. Of course my father's ruin a year or two after my quitting Oxford, severed me a good deal from all but those I was very intimate with.

I remained at Oxford a whole winter after I had taken my name "off the books," hunting nearly every day in the week. I may close this part of the subject by saying that I was the undergraduate, mentioned by the writer of "Silk and Scarlet," whom he represents to have told him at the cover side "that his hack had run away with him the whole way from Oxford." This, indeed, was in one way true. A hack which I mounted at Canterbury Gate, could not, or would not be stopped,

let the distance be what it would, and I declined to ride him any longer at last. He came right over on his side once in turning a corner after a frost ; how I escaped a broken leg is a wonder.

The last sixty years has not been productive of as much change at Oxford, as in many other localities ; still, during my time, Wadham had nothing beyond it but open country ; ploughed land came close up to its walls, and I used to "sweat" my horses on the same. In this direction the change has been very great, as well as in St. Giles's, and the road leading to Woodstock.

I have mentioned Mr. Gladstone, but I never exchanged a word with him as an undergraduate, though I have a perfect remembrance of him in his student's gown, and by repute, of his constant attendance at the Debating Society.

During the "Long Vacation" in 1830, I visited Norway, travelling by steam *viâ* Hamburg and Lübeck to Gottenburg in Sweden, where I bought a cariole, and engaged a Swede, who spoke German, to accompany me as an interpreter. The route to Christiania was by way of Frederikshall, where Charles XII. of Sweden fell. At Christiania I had introductions to the Governor of the Province, or some such rank, the Count Wedel-Jarlsberg, and dined (sitting next to him), at some large official dinner.

Travelling in Norway is monotonous enough, with its interminable forests of pine, until you reach the Alpine land ; I had brought a waterproof Mackintosh with me, then not long in fashion, and it stood me in good need, for driving in an open cariole, I should

have been often drenched with rain. The route from Christiania to Bergen traverses the Fille Fjeld, one of those high mountain ranges with which the country is intersected, and the descent from it is magnificent in the extreme, passing along a deep narrow ravine, with a roaring torrent below and stupendous rocks on either side. The splendid scenery of this pass continues unabated until you reach the shore of the Sogne Fjord. Beyond this point driving became impracticable, the further part of the route to Bergen having had to be carried on by boat along the different fjords of that district, the names of some of which are familiar to me, but whether by the Stavanger, or some other fjord I entirely forget. I well remember, however, that owing to wind, the boatmen had to "lie to" during the middle of the day, and renewed their rowing when it lulled towards the evening. It was from this spot, consisting at that time of a poor collection of huts, that I made a digression in order to visit the Glacier of Justedal, I think that was the name, but it is so many years ago I may have forgotten. We rowed, if I remember rightly, to the extreme end of the Sogne Fjord, and then mounted horses to take us to the glacier. The bridle-road passed along the bank of a rushing torrent or river, then very much swollen by the melting snow, which perfectly discoloured the water. My information respecting this proceeding had been very limited, for on my arrival at our halting place, within a mile or more of the glacier, we were obliged to go on foot. I discovered also, to my astonishment, that we should have to depend for the night's lodging

and other entertainment, on the hospitality of the Minister, a member of the Lutheran Church. This gentleman, who was overflowing with amiability and kindness, met the cavalcade somewhere at a short distance from his manse. To my horror and surprise he accosted me thus :—" *Intelligisne linguam Latinam* " ? ; to which, on my answering, as I did, to a certain extent, the conversation proceeded in that tongue. But there was not much time to lose, for although the days are long, and without any real night at all in Norway at that time of year, being the end of June, it was a long tedious job to reach the glacier, and much more so to surmount it, which I was bent on doing. Having arrived at the foot of the glacier, I had to make out the ascent the best way I could, for my Swedish interpreter did not half like the business or the danger, saying that " he did not come there to risk his life," and refusing to go on, I left him, and ascended the side of it alone. I had never seen any other glacier, but I suppose they are all of the same nature, caused by the freezing snow and ice blocking up a ravine or valley, from which some river more or less important, issues from the base.

I had quite miscalculated (looking up from below), the height I had to ascend, for on clambering up rocks and crevices, in order to reach what I thought the summit, I came upon a considerable plateau, which terminating with the same sort of rock and difficulties, displayed, on being surmounted, another piece of level ground or plateau of some extent ; but bent on overcoming all obstacles, I went on, and ultimately reached a spot from whence I overlooked the entire gorge or

valley, blocked up with the frozen glacier. The prospect was grand enough ; one vast expanse of eternal snow, by which the whole horizon was bounded, contrasting remarkably with the dark black sky above, giving the prospect all the appearance of an impending thunderstorm. After a sufficient contemplation of this grand scene, I began the descent. I had never calculated on that part of the difficulty, for to mount and ascend is an easier process than the reverse, fraught, as in such case often occurs, with greater danger. I probably did not descend in exactly the same direction, in fact managed to deviate a good deal from it, especially after I had traversed the two mentioned plateaux. I thus came upon a part so steep, composed chiefly of brushwood and grass, that I had to slide and go down in a sitting posture. In this way, without any warning, I came upon the edge of a frightful precipice, which after a lapse of nearly seventy years, makes my blood run cold to call to mind. This must have been completely hidden from my view, partly by the low brushwood, and chiefly by my sitting position, but I was near enough to discover the awful danger in time, for I could see much of the valley hundreds of yards below. What could I do in such a dilemma ? I had no other choice but to work my way backwards in the same sitting posture, and to strike off, when I had reached a certain height, in another direction. I eventually came, after endless obstacles, upon my Swedish companion, or interpreter, and proceeded to the Manse, the path lying by a fragile plank bridge over the swollen river rushing forth from the bottom of the glacier. Here I found the

the good kindly Minister on the look-out for me, at some distance from it. On my telling him what I had gone through and performed, and that it was "*magnum periculum*," he ejaculated "*maximum sane!*" Much more transpired between us which I seem to have forgotten, the conversation in Latin being sufficiently trying. On reaching the house, he made a sort of noise or whistle, and down came scampering a whole herd of goats; he seemed to be on familiar terms with the whole lot, and pointed to one especially, whose name he said was "*Mons*," and appeared to be the pater-familias. It must have been by this time late enough, though the light showed no signs of it. Some stewed kid, which at this day seems to remind me of the savoury meat which Isaac loved, was set before me. Whilst I was discussing this much needed meal, the Minister occupying a seat apart from the table on one side, and two ladies (probably wife and sister) sitting at the further end, the former said—"*Feminæ volunt tibi loquere, sed non possunt*," which I of course acknowledged by an inclination or bow. I had brought some snap-tackle with me, having had an idea of fishing, so I made the whole of it over to him, for other remuneration was refused. My room and bed were of the smallest dimensions, and very damp, but I survived the consequences, and started betimes on my return back the following morning. From the Sogne Fjord to Bergen the route was by water, or the fjords, as I have said, but at this distance of time I forget the turnings and windings of the course though part of it, however, was performed by river, and we went down a rapid, about as nervous a job as I can

call to mind, for the pace was terrific. I had introductions here to a banker or shopkeeper, who hospitably invited me to his country villa, outside the town; not a soul spoke either French, German, or English. Some of the Norwegian habits may be mentioned. A small glass of brandy or cognac was handed round to the assembled guests before sitting down to dinner; the last course, consisting of "sweets," and so forth, was handed round by the young ladies, who left their seats to perform this ceremony. The greatest privation which I had to endure in getting here, had been absence of food, having had to live upon clotted milk and wild strawberries the whole way. The former was generally rather sour; the latter grew all around in great profusion in the woods; and once or twice I had a sweet cheese made of goat's milk. I therefore supplied myself with a good store of almonds and raisins, which were to be got as well here as in more southerly climes, for one of the industries of Bergen consists in drying fish, which is taken direct to the Mediterranean by vessel, and other Catholic countries. There is very little to remark on my return journey to Christiania, save that at this season about which I write (*viz.* : June and July), there is really no night at all. When the sun goes down, you have a twilight, or more than twilight, in which you could see to read; I therefore determined to drive back without stopping, night and day, and naturally, on one occasion, fell asleep. The relays of horses for changing, ordered by an *avant courier* (or forebud) the day before, at the various stations, are taken up from their grazing ground, probably a long distance off. It

was in this way that I remember being awoken by the vehicle traversing some soft ground ; the horse well knew the spot in which he fed, left the road, and made for it. I had been so tired in one way and another, by toil and hardship, that during the whole week I remained at Christiania, until the steamer for Copenhagen took me away, I never left the hotel, indeed there was nothing very inviting in the place, had I done so. My intention was to return to England by land after reaching Hamburg, and "to post" the whole way to Calais. I purchased accordingly an open carriage, or calèche, with which I passed over the Elbe to Harburg. The horses were no sooner put to at Harburg, than the wooden axle of the vehicle broke in two, and down came the carriage. The price which I had given for it I entirely forget, but a temporary pole was lashed to the under part, and the carriage taken back to Hamburg. It had been nothing more than an old vehicle, painted up newly to deceive me, or any one else, so the repairs were made good by the vendor at his expense. I had engaged a German servant to accompany me. It was at this time that the Belgians severed themselves from the Dutch, and there had been some fighting between them, whether one or more actions, I forget, but it so happened that my route passed the very scene of one that had taken place the day before. Trees and branches gave evident manifestation of some heavy firing between them. It was at some frontier Police Station that I had to produce my passport, and the German servant took it into the bureau, but the authorities were not satisfied ; they

had heard me speak to the servant in German, and maintained that I was not an Englishman. How the matter was settled to their satisfaction I entirely forget, but that part of it I distinctly remember.

The year 1831, having left Oxford, seems to have passed without much to record. I entered the West Essex Yeomanry at that time, and put in an appearance at one or two of William IV's levees. The King asked me, on being presented—"What uniform is that," and on my answering "the West Essex Yeomanry, Your Majesty," he said, "Ah! so I should have thought by the name." The Royal Family of that and all times are happy in the remembrance of names and faces.

Near Stort Lodge in Essex, which my grandfather had bought, and my father pulled down and rebuilt, lived Plomer Ward, the author of Tremaine and De Vere; he had married Mrs. Plomer, relict of the M.P. for Herts, as his second wife, his first wife having been sister to Lady Mulgrave. He did not know a note of music, but would play on the piano most exquisitely. George Palmer, of Nazing, another neighbour, who married a very beautiful woman, Miss Surtees, raised the West Essex Yeomanry, and half ruined himself by it, and I joined the regiment after leaving Oxford. Very many years afterwards, probably fifty, I was invited to dine with the Mercers Company; someone, engaged in talking to the Master, who was receiving the guests, seized me on my entering, in a most friendly and familiar way, exclaiming "I was your first Commanding Officer." With moustachios, whiskers, and so forth, I had no conception who the man was, and

neither would he for some time tell me, ejaculating now and again "Yes I was," "Yes I was." I was never more astonished when the said George Palmer revealed himself, totally unlike the close shaven young man of former days. This brings to my mind a matter which he himself brought to my remembrance, and which became a sort of standing joke against me, and must have happened about 1831. I had taken over (as a gift), four or five couples of Conyer's draft fox hounds; he was Master of the Essex hunt. I used to run a drag with them; of course they "tailed" off a good deal, as it is called, but I enjoyed the gallop. On one occasion I had a bag (French) fox sent down to me from London, and Palmer's brother, with some others, met for the expected run. To make matters short I got some aniseed, and anointing the animal's brush, let my friend out myself, and then returned to the "pack." After a little "law," I put the dogs on the scent, and took a fence or two, but thought the pack was running very oddly; the dogs were all round about me, so I pulled up; the dogs stopped, and kept looking up at me. How was it all? What did it mean? The pack had been running myself all the time; it was the fatal aniseed. I had nearly forgotten the matter after so many years, but "Do you remember that fox"? with a hearty laugh, brought it all fresh to my mind. Conyers happened to meet somewhere thereabouts the next day, and had an awful run, the fox (my bag fox), taking them into a part of the low grass country, in which, probably, no fox had ever been before.

It was about this time that Lord William Russell was

murdered by Courvoisier. Our house in Park Lane looked into Norfolk Street, so that one could see the house on the opposite side. I also went this year to the Continent, and remember being at Pyrmont, a retired sort of a watering place, (I think) in Westphalia. Baroness Maltzahn was there with her children, whom I had formerly known at Dresden. On my way back I remember to have passed some days at Wiesbaden. At the *table d'hôte* where I was stopping, I remember sitting opposite to a French Countess ; that lady, together with a Major in the Nassau uniform, another or two, and myself, were in conversation. She appeared to be between thirty and forty, but this is only conjecture, because she had been originally a "flower girl" in Paris, and became a mistress of Napoleon's, who enobled her and created her the Countess of — (I have forgotten the title) ; I also forget whether she was speaking in German or French, but from those present, it must have been in the former language to a certainty. I well remember that she asked me to speak a little English, for "she much liked to hear it spoken, there was something, to her mind, very agreeable in the sound." It so happened that Lord Rivers was dining at the same table, but at a distant part. I had known him at Harrow as Beckford, and afterwards under his then name at Christ Church. After a stroll round the gardens at the Kursaal with him, I saw him drive off on his way to Dresden. The Countess in question must have been very pretty as a girl, for she was still very good looking, and by no means old ; she must have plied her original vocation

sometime towards the end of the last century. Here, at any rate, was a noteworthy matter as to nationality. What English woman of that class could have acquired the same manner and bearing, and not have betrayed her origin sooner or later ; her manner was perfect. Rivers, who had not very long succeeded his father, was rather surprised to see me joining in such general German conversation. Whoever has been at Wiesbaden knows the gambling tables of the Kursaal. Of some of the vices which most easily beset us, I was at that time permanently cured, and so for any love of gambling. I had won thirty louis d'or at roulette, and these I in turn lost and thirty more in addition. I had had enough of it, and never after lost a sixpence in that way, but I can still remember the din of the croupier—" *Rouge gagne la couleur, l'or perd.*"—" *Messieurs faites le jeu.*"

In 1832, perhaps matters of more importance happened in respect of my future life, than in any other year, and therefore I may be excused some trifling detail. It was in the early part of it that my father and mother were living in Park Lane ; the carriage had a habit of coming to the door at a certain time every afternoon ; one day it had been at the door a long time, waiting, and apparently not being required, my mother said to me, idling and lounging about, I imagine, as I was, "Why don't you go down and see your friend Trotter at the Horse Guards" ? He was a Captain in the 2nd Life Guards, and was then that day there on guard. I went. "George," said he to me, after different subjects of conversation, "won't you come into the regiment and join us" ? I give his words. The idea of

entering the Army had never occurred to me ; I had been brought up more with a view to the Foreign Office ; “ I can get you in at once, he continued, if you will.” Now it so happened that about that time a storm was brewing up, about which I had known nothing. My father was on the point of being involved in the greatest pecuniary difficulties ; he had entered into speculations in various ways, in mortgaging his estate, in making a canal near Bethnal Green, and in associating himself with a bank, which rumour afterwards said was not solvent when he entered it ! The proposition, therefore, that I should enter the most expensive regiment in the Army, without much previous consideration, found no favour with him at all at that time ; he was entirely opposed to it knowing the state of his affairs. My dear mother, however, was very much more far-seeing, and affirmed the proposition to be perfectly “ Providential.” Certain difficulties were overcome ; the money over and above the price of the commission was paid ; and the 4th May, 1832, saw me a Sub-Lieutenant in the 2nd Regiment of Life Guards ; I had got through my drill, riding up every day to the barracks for that purpose, and mounted guard at the Horse Guards the very day I was gazetted. The three years which I passed in that Corps, notwithstanding my father’s serious losses and ruin, were perhaps as happy as any in my whole life, for I was fond of the Officers, and popular with them, and although I had never intended to make the Army my profession, I did so now, I may say, by necessity. The regiment was too expensive for my then means, and I eventually left it, first

by exchanging as a Lieutenant into the 15th Hussars, and subsequently into the 82nd Regiment.

This year my sister was staying at Brighton, on a visit to Admiral Sir Harry Neale. William IV. (a sailor), was at Brighton at that time, and there was a great deal going on at the Pavilion. He had known Sir Harry when on duty with his father, for he was Equerry to George III., and a great favourite with him, and was constantly with the King when the Royal yacht was at Weymouth. There were many old Admirals at Brighton at that time. I remember Sir Richard Keats was one, and Lord Amelius Beauclerk another, of whom the ridiculous story of his dancing with William IV. is an historic truth. There were some children in the house who were to go to the Play, and I was one to go with the party. I mention this because there was no room inside the vehicle, and I had to go to the theatre on the box. Sir Harry Neale having regard to my comfort, said, "Take this, it was George III's boat-cloak."

Of the time I passed in the Life Guards, the best and most happy was whilst it was quartered at Windsor. Col. Lygon, who was at the battle, and wore the Waterloo medal, was always very kind and considerate to me. He allowed me to be stationed at Maidenhead for a long time. There was a great deal going on in that neighbourhood; constant dinner parties in the vicinity, to which I always got a "lift" by some other officer. Balls also were held now and again; in short I was happy as a King. I was also a great walker in those days, and walked, on one occasion, with the surgeon of

the regiment, from Oxford to Maidenhead, and on another from the latter place to Sandhurst and back. It was somewhere about the end of 1833, in the winter, that I went on leave of absence to Berlin. I intended in my mind to have returned on foot the whole way to Calais, but was destined to carry out, in the end, only half that scheme. The Foreign Office had given me an introduction to Lord Minto, then our Ambassador there, and Lady Westmorland had done the like for me to the Duke of Cumberland. He had married a Princess of Solms Braunfels, and succeeded as King of Hanover on William IV's death in 1837, but at that time lived constantly at Berlin. I was invited to dine with His Royal Highness at three p.m. the day after my arrival, but the portmanteau containing my uniform I could not get from the Post Office Dépôt, and the state of mind I was in, lest I should be late, perplexed me beyond measure. Late, I remember, I was, for after I had made my bow to the Duke, the company went into dinner. The Duke asked me "what sort of a passage" I had, for it was a boisterous season of the year. It happened on leaving, that a servant told me that Prince George of Cumberland would like to speak to me; he was then quite blind, and came into the hall leaning on the arm of two young men. His object in this, was to tell me how well he knew my father, and how at Angelo's fencing rooms my father had given him "lessons in fencing," for the use of the small sword and fencing had not gone out when he had been at Brunswick, towards the end of the former century. As my father excelled beyond any in the art, he was known as the best

fencer of the day, and had acquired a way and manner in it peculiarly his own ; at Harrow, in fact, as I have already said, the boys used to joke with me about it. Poor Prince George had not then encountered that sad misfortune, and like an open-hearted fellow was evidently much gratified in talking about the matter. He sent me afterwards a list of high Court functionaries on whom I should have to leave my name, but my time would not have sufficed to benefit by any invitation to Court, though I did drive round, and remember the main-guard "turning out" to me by mistake ; moreover I had in view my long walk to Calais. A certain amount of training was necessary for this purpose, and as long as I remained in Berlin, I used to walk for an hour or two at a time, daily round about the outskirts of it. Previous to my return, I sent by the Malle Poste all my effects to Cologne, where I intended to break the journey, and bought what is called an "officer's knapsack," which carried little enough, but was still sufficiently heavy to be comfortable. I had, moreover, an oilskin military forage cap, and a green frock coat, so that happily I did not look much like an Englishman. I started at length, and slept the first night at Brandenburg ; I walked the day following as far as Burg, which was thirty-five English miles, and the next day to Magdeburg, another thirty-five miles. These two days of seventy miles, with that on the succeeding day to Halberstadt, of the same distance, were the longest of my marches. At Halberstadt I remained the whole of one Sunday, for the walking had told upon the calves of my legs. At the

table d'hôte at which I dined that day, I talked, as I always did, with one person or the other, and at the end of the dinner, one of the company, who had evidently not been quite able to make me out, said on my making some observation, "Now I know you are not a German." This was perhaps the greatest compliment as a linguist, I was ever paid. I was generally taken abroad for a Pole, who with the Russian, is known to be the best linguist in Europe. I passed by way of Padderborn, in which the bells of the Catholic churches were ringing very much at the time, and by easy stages got to Cologne. I began here to think my walk rather *de trop*, and determined to end it at that place. I see by a letter which I wrote home on the occasion, that I occupied one of the best rooms at that time, in order to see the Carnival, which was then about to commence. But I have rather anticipated this my visit to Berlin, which occurred in the winter of 1833.

The cholera made its first appearance in the summer of 1832 in this country, and there were some cases in the Knightsbridge barracks which terminated fatally; five or six at least. My barrack-room was right over the regimental hospital, too near to be pleasant, but its continuance was not long, and the year following found the regiment at Windsor.

Some of the officers were constantly swapping and changing their horses, and in this way I became possessed, for a short time, of the thorough-bred mare, "Comus," who had run for the Oaks, and this need not create surprise, for many of that class find their way into cabs. She had a nasty habit of "rearing," es-

pecially when people galloped past down Rotten Row. I never could sit a rearing horse, and once I slipped off in the Park, though no amount of kicking could have done the same.

The subject of a *second* charger was always rather a sore subject with me. I picked up a horse somewhere, which, according to custom, had to be "passed" by the Commanding Officer, and it was in due course submitted to Colonel Lygon, whose manner was very decisive on all points. Scarcely looking at the horse at all—"Take him away, take him away," said he, "never saw such a brute in my life." This became a regular standing joke against me, and was often quoted with all the *bonhomie* which men of the class then in the regiment knew how to display, and this very feeling occurred in another totally different case. The officers of the squadron quartered at Maidenhead, under Col. Reid, had finished dinner at the "Sun," the hotel at which we were billeted. The conversation ran on the subject of pedestrianism. Reid remarked that he would not in the least mind walking up to Hyde Park Corner that very minute, were anyone to bet him £50 that he could not do so. The distance was thirty or thirty-two miles; he had eaten a good dinner, and was moreover rather a stout than a thin wiry man, so having just that amount in hand, I accepted the bet, being morally certain that he would break down. He started, however, with the Assistant-Surgeon, followed by his cab, in case of any such event; performed the feat, and came down by the Oxford coach early the next morning. I paid Reid the money, of which he generously returned

£40, retaining £10 for the remuneration of the Surgeon, adding that he performed the task to show that he could do it and be as good as his word. My £50 would have fared otherwise with some of the strange bedfellows poverty has here and there made me acquainted.

The above-mention of Colonel Lygon, touches closely upon Waterloo. He took part in that celebrated battle, where the Life Guards charged the French Cuirassiers. His brother, Colonel Beauchamp Lygon, commanded the 1st Life Guards, and the two brothers were known by the sobriquet of "Pride," and "Prejudice," the latter appellation being applied to the Colonel of the second regiment. The memorable day of Waterloo was one never forgotten by the Life Guards, and the second regiment had a fine old rat-tailed horse, who had smelt powder on that occasion, and was of course known as the "Waterloo horse." It was at Knightsbridge barracks on the 18th June, 1832, that I thought it necessary to identify myself with the traditions of the regiment, and unwittingly drank, to my own account, a whole bottle of port wine. This of course made me perfectly tipsy ; still I well remember that some one, seeing the state in which I was, drank to the health of "Mr. Duckett, and the Waterloo Horse." On my getting up to respond for that noble animal and myself, I grieve to say I at once measured my length on the floor. This was the first, and only time in my life, that I was ever intoxicated. Poor George Howard Vyse, who in course of time became Colonel of the regiment, and was himself very far gone, helped, with the aid of

some other officer, to take the "brave fellow away." Many years afterwards, when I was living in Yorkshire, I became acquainted with a Captain Hodgson, who had been present at Waterloo with the 1st Dragoon Guards. That regiment had been brigaded with the two regiments of Life Guards and Blues. Being particularly anxious to obtain from him some reliable information as to the sort of charge which the heavy brigade made at Waterloo, but more particularly as to the way in which it was delivered, I asked him as to the rate or speed at which the men charged, and in reply he said, that owing to the depth and heavy state of the ground from continuous rain, the rate did not exceed that of a moderate trot. This is a noteworthy fact, and contrasts rather unfavourably, as between actual service and parade, with the dashing gallop of reviews. I rather think that Shaw, the Lifeguardsman, who was so notorious for his feats on that occasion, had not at that time, long been dead; indeed, I am not quite sure whether he did not sometimes figure at Angelo's fencing rooms, though I may be mistaken; but whether he belonged to the first or second regiments I never heard.

I have alluded to Windsor and Maidenhead already, but the following details will supplement what I have said on the matter. When the 2nd Life Guards were at Windsor in 1833, the officers of the squadron which was billeted at Maidenhead, dined out a great deal, and I was made the victim of a practical joke. It was agreed that we should adopt the old hair powder and resuscitate that bygone fashion. Accordingly about two or three hours before it was time to dress, for I with one

or two others, were invited to dine at the Clayton-Easts of Hall Place, I powdered my hair with flour, and got that part of my person into a perfectly satisfactory state as regarded appearance. But now came the cruel part of the business ; I discovered only about an hour before the time that the proposed matter was nothing but a hoax. I had a fine crop of hair in those days, and the quantity of flour to be relieved in that short time was simply appalling. The more I washed my head, the more the same presented the appearance of a good pudding ; no amount of water would effect the removal of it. Of course I was late for dinner, in fact the company had half finished when I entered the dining room. "What has he been doing to himself," said Lady Orkney to her neighbour, who afterwards told me ; in fact for the moment I was the hero of the occasion, the observed of all observers. It was too ridiculous to be angry about, and added to the hilarity of all. This was the only occasion on which I was ever called to task by my old friend John Trotter, for what he considered a great piece of conceit on my part. Perhaps it was so, but I had always thought the features of John Thomas very much "brought out" by the powdery performance, making him the beau ideal of Mary Jane, who averred his likeness in that "get up" to be the "very moral" of him. Influenced doubtless by similar reflections, I became an easy dupe, though not so easy to catch in early days, as in later years, reversing the application of the proverb "*Experientia docet.*"

Practical jokes were habitual in those days, and I may as well mention one which took place in my next regi-

ment, the 15th Hussars. Upon one occasion, after dinner, the subject of "tossing a man in a blanket" cropped up. One of the newest importations amongst the junior officers exclaimed, "Oh, I should not mind being tossed in a blanket." This was no sooner said than it was done. Calling to the mess-waiter, one or two immediately ordered the appearance of a blanket, and out we all went into the barrack square, contiguous to the mess-room, and into the blanket was placed the cavalry sub. One, two, three, and up he went with sundry repetitions. The man pretended to like it, but the reverse was evidently betrayed by his contorted features.

Whilst quartered at Maidenhead, which with Slough were two of the outposts, I remember a ball or two at one of the inns, and that Lord Boston's daughters were the chief attraction; indeed, of these ladies a brother-officer said, that on first looking into their carriage when once stopping to speak, he was perfectly dazzled by their brilliant eyes. The Irbys of Hedsor, the Claytons, the Clayton-Easts, the Watsons, Tunnos, and Harfords, were all singularly nice, and made life very agreeable. During some part of the time, the celebrated beauty of the North, Miss Fanny Brandling (the Northern Light), was on a visit to Lord and Lady Orkney, and accidentally slipped into the Thames. Fitzmaurice, a Captain in the regiment, and Lord Orkney's brother, helped her out, and Lord Boston made some lines on the matter, two of which I remember :

"He never had so fair a handling,
As when he saved Miss Fanny Brandling."

During the time the 2nd Life Guards were quartered at Windsor in 1833, William IV. wished to have the 17th Lancers there, so the regiment was obliged to make way for them, and took up their quarters at Hounslow, but I was with the troop or squadron that went to Hampton Court. William IV., I think, was fond of Windsor; all the officers of the regiment dined on one or two occasions in St. George's Hall; some one remarking that the interminable rows of wax lights looked as if they had been "dressed" by Lord Frederick Fitz Clarence, then reputed as a "great drill." I remember the regiment parading before him in Windsor Park upon one occasion; by his side stood Prince George of Cambridge in a Hussar uniform, now the Commander-in-Chief. As this was in 1833, the Prince must have been then fourteen years old.

It was about this time that I began to use the pen, and I translated from the German, in my leisure time, a work on "Extraordinary Marches." This I never published, and it is still in M.S.; I waited in fact to augment it, and bring down extraordinary marches to that date, for the Spanish Leader, Gomez, made, a little before or after that time, a wonderful march from one end of Spain to the other in an incredibly short time. The Spanish soldiers are, or were, among the worst soldiers, but among the best marchers in the world; one or two onions in their knapsack is about as much as they require to carry them on.

A trifling reminiscence occurs to me. There was a Captain in the regiment, whose horse invariably ran away with him when the regiment charged; one

would see him far away on the horizon, sometimes lost entirely to view, but he rarely showed again, and what became of him until seen in his quarters I don't know. This was Lord Deerhurst; he never succeeded his father; to him I sold my celebrated black mare of Oxford notoriety.

Though I was thoroughly fond of the regiment, I was always bent on getting back some of the money which my commission had cost, and this was no easy matter, but at last I found an officer in the 15th Hussars who was willing to exchange with me. He was a Lieutenant, and I was a Sub-Lieutenant, but Lord Cathcart, the Colonel, had laid down (or had authority for so doing), that Sub-Lieutenants in the Life Guards, ranked as Lieutenants in the Line. Upon these terms, by dint of a little interest, we changed places, and in the latter part of 1834 I joined the 15th Hussars in Dublin with that rank. What became of my two chargers in the Life Guards I entirely forget, but I picked up two very suitable light cavalry horses in London, and sent them to Dublin by steam boat to take their chance. That regiment had just gone through a very nasty ordeal; the late Lord Cardigan, then Lord Brudenell, had been removed from the command of it. He had brought to a court-martial one of the captains, Captain Wathen, upon what charges I forget, but so much came out at the trial, that the authorities pronounced the regiment in bad order, and appointed Colonel Lovell Badcock, an old Peninsular officer of distinction, to do what was necessary to make matters right. The difficulty, first in finding an eligible officer who would pay the amount

required, and secondly who would from a Lieutenant descend to the bottom of the Cornets, was beyond measure difficult, but Lord Brudenell's interest prevailed with Col. Lygon.

The number of this regiment, *fifteen*, has always had a sort of superstitious interest in connection with events of my life. I was born at No. 15, Spring Gardens, in 1811, (the year of the comet); I was fifteen when I met with the accident which nearly killed me; my grandfather died December 15th, 1822; my father died 15th June, 1856; £15 was monthly paid to my account until the mortgagees foreclosed; in fact, that number cropped up so often in matters of minor importance which concerned me, that it became ominous; still I got habituated to it, and learned to forget it. Nevertheless in after days, the number stuck to me. I received the "*Palmes d'or*" as Officer of Public Instruction in France, on the 15th of the month; my diploma as Knight of the Order of Merit of Saxe Coburg-Gotha is dated 15th September, 1890.

How or when the 15th earned for themselves the sobriquet of "Rough and Ready," I do not remember to have heard. It will be a bad day for the English army when these regimental designations are abolished. Much has been done to strike at the *esprit de corps* of different line regiments, by amalgamating one with another, and I doubt whether the first great war in which England is engaged will not show the mistake. There are some twenty or thirty regiments who are as proud as proud can be of their familiar designation, but they wish to keep the honour to themselves, and see no

reason why they should have to share it with others who have had no part in earning it. One might as well sever the name of "Howard" from the ducal family of Norfolk, or "Manners" from that of Rutland. But this matter is a sorer subject for the octogenarian General, or the Invalid Soldier of Chelsea Hospital, than for the man, like myself, who bid adieu to the military service when in the prime of life. As regards Great Britain, of the good things which her sons have done in the past, and of all the laudable acts which her present sons have achieved, the balance is fifty fold in favour of the former. I do not modestly add, "I may be wrong," I boldly and unhesitatingly assert that I am right.

The 15th, who had (as observed) the sobriquet of "Rough and Ready," was one of the most distinguished of our light cavalry regiments; had been at Waterloo; and at Villiers-en-Couché had rescued the Emperor of Austria from being taken prisoner by the French. For this all the officers of the regiment got the "Maria Teresa" Order. If I am not mistaken the late Sir Robert Wilson commanded the regiment on that occasion; subsequently Sir Joseph Thackwell was their Colonel for some time. He was a noted bad judge of a horse, so that for many years the 15th were one of the worst mounted regiments in the Army.

There was going on while I was in the regiment at Porto Bello barracks, in Dublin, a regular system of robbery in the officers' stables. I was laid up with an injury I received from vaulting off a runaway horse mentioned elsewhere. My soldier servant told me one morning that he had lost his great coat. Now there was an idle

tall sort of a youth, half man, half boy, who made a point of never "saluting" me on passing; he was to every intent a camp follower, and his duty was so to do; it was in that way he attracted my notice; he was the son of some soldier of the regiment, and was often to be seen loafing about and doing nothing. Upon this I said to my servant, "Do you suspect anyone"? "Do you suspect so-and-so"? naming the fellow's father, who was servant to some other officer in the next stable. Of course, like all the lower orders, save some rare exceptions, he did not suspect him, neither should it enter his mind to do so. "Well then," said I, "I do. Go at once for the police and bring them to my quarters," and in due course two of the force appeared. I was lame on the sofa, and told the men to go into the next room, my bedroom. To my servant I said, "Go you and tell so-and-so I want to speak to him, perhaps to give him a job, work, and so forth." The fellow came; I at once taxed him without any ceremony or hesitation, with taking my servant's coat; I had no proof of course; the measure was bold and venturesome. He began not only to deny any such thing, but coupled it with a great deal of impertinence and abuse. I called out the policemen and gave him in charge on suspicion. Now it happened, that the Colonel seeing the policemen enter my quarters, sent to know what I meant, what they wanted, and so forth; I sent him word that I hoped in a very short time to be able to satisfy him; so the two policemen proceeded to where the fellow's mother lived at no great distance from the barracks. It would seem that the woman had got wind of some-

thing, or suspected that the police had been put upon the scent, and came out to reconnoitre, but on seeing her son in charge of the police approaching, set off and got back to her abode. One of the men was close upon her, and under the bed were found saddles, bridles, clothing, and I know not what besides, including my servant's coat, &c. This was a wonderful piece of good fortune, and very remarkable insight on my part, but I never got the smallest credit for it; every one thought that my servant had put me up to it, whereas on the contrary, he had done the reverse. To this there was a sequel. The boy or man received a very trifling sentence, and was in Kilmainham Gaol, but was ordered never to follow the regiment again. It must have been a trifling sentence, because six or seven months later, when the 15th had marched to Cahir, in Galway, I was walking, according to my custom, or taking a usual constitutional, and was two or three miles on a road from Cahir, and emerging from a wood, to which part of the road I had been plainly followed, when a man jumped down from the bank, skirting the wood and the road, in what I took to be a decidedly hostile manner. To my surprise and wonder, there was the very fellow facing me in the road. "Go on" I said very plainly and determinedly—"Go on," pointing in the direction of Cahir, I kept saying; the fellow all the time bent upon something, and half cowed by my manner, for putting firearms out of the question, I was more than a match for him physically, kept standing, not knowing what to do, and saying nothing. In fact he was plainly mistaken; I was a better man when I

faced him, than he expected ; for he had never spoken to me, save when I was lying down ; and moreover, I had noticed him more than he had my general " build." Reluctantly at any rate he went, plainly not having pluck enough to do what he had planned ; I kept him in view whilst he walked on, and went to a magistrate and swore the peace against him then and there. I never saw or heard more about him, for that very evening was to be my last in the regiment ; I had been for some time in correspondence about entering the Lancers of the Spanish Legion, then being embodied under Colonel Evans, afterwards Sir de Lacy Evans, and received notice that night to proceed at once to London. When I look back upon this incident, to which I may say vital matters had caused me not to give a second thought, it ought undoubtedly to have been a warning to me for all future time in respect of Ireland and the Irish, but it was very far from so being ; I lived in after days for four consecutive years in Ireland without leaving it, but not without having my attention drawn now and again to its peculiar characteristic of blood-thirsty revenge. My service in the 87th Irish Fusiliers, had quite misled me in estimating the true characteristics of a people before being brought into proper form by discipline and good example.

Having given very little for my two 15th chargers, I am tempted to say something about them, for the character of one differed from that of any horse I have known. When I tried him in London, I pronounced him a slug, and very likely to "come down," but the

voyage to Ireland wrought a complete change in him. He was one of the finest actioned horses conceivable, but was too fond of company, and would not leave the noses of the troopers horses after coming up into the alignment, *i.e.* he resisted coming round to the "front." I replaced him by a horse which I intended to have taken with me, had I joined the Spanish Legion. Having "active" service at that time in view, I thought that I might initiate him into the possible chance of swimming a river. For this purpose I practised him in the river at Cahir, but he was not to be made much of in that character, and I nearly got myself into danger in the current of that rapid river. My other charger who used to stand when I was on the extreme end of the line at a review in the Phœnix Park motionless as a statue, close to the guns of the artillery, was shot a short time after I left the regiment, for glanders, which he must have caught at some stable on the march. This was another piece of dishonesty which innkeepers did not shrink from at that period. I received £40 for him as compensation, which was nearly £20 more than I gave for him. This was the horse, which on one occasion, jeopardized my life.

I was exactly twelve months in the 15th, the whole of the time nearly in Dublin, and left it in 1835, ostensibly to join one of the Lancer regiments of the Spanish Legion, as I have said. For this purpose on reaching London, I attended at an extemporized sort of orderly room or office in some street off the Strand. Upon my asking for the Adjutant, or some one else, a clerk at a table answered that he was "on

parade." This damped my ardour for the Lancers at once, though it was certainly a military way of putting it. I looked out of the window into the narrow street, for that was the locality implied, but I had seen nothing of the kind on entering the house, and I saw nothing now ; but one thing I certainly observed, or which caught my ears. There were a great many bushel baskets full of "H's," which with the six or seven individuals in the room, either enrolled or waiting for commissions, left as little room for doubting, as there was for moving about. They may have been intended to take out for the "hoats" or "osses," or indeed for the "hasses," especially in a part of Europe in which the "H" is not aspirated, and mules abound. So far this was right enough, still, although I was only to have been a candidate for subaltern rank, I could not help being shocked when I thought what an incumbrance this sort of thing would become to the Commander, and the baggage train. I therefore left things as they were. I must admit that I have in my peregrinations seen great havoc made with that unfortunate letter of the alphabet, probably among those who had got commissions towards the end of the last campaigns of Wellington. That great General is said always to have liked his "dandy" officers the best. The Duke did not here imply "dress" only, but "blood" as well ; nevertheless, though few Englishmen are deficient in pluck, in the main he was not wrong.

Having thus altered my plans, I exchanged into the 82nd regiment, the negotiations for which had also been on the tapis, should the above-named intention not have

succeeded. This step was, for a few years, a source of much personal worry, discomfort, and annoyance, and I can look back upon my service in it until 1839, with no kind of real pleasure.

I shall never forget whilst I was quartered in this regiment at Mullingar, in the bog of Allen, that I took it into my head to see what I could do with ducks, at the time known as the "flight," viz. at day-break. There was an island in the lake, the name of which I forget, and I went overnight in company with some attendant to wait till the morning. A great blazing fire was made of wood and sticks, and we laid down as soldiers do in bivouacking, and of course fell asleep. I shall never forget my surprise at seeing, when awoke out of sleep, two or three policemen with their rifles, standing round. The fire had been mistaken for a whisky still, and they seemed sure of their prize.

It was just before the 82nd embarked from Cork for Gibraltar, that I was first put upon my resources and called upon to act on my own responsibility. A wing of the regiment was then stationed at Carlow; I had been laid up for some time with a bad leg, and had done no duty, and though I was ostensibly on the "sick list," I was told off to escort some prisoners (or rather convicts) to Naas, but was allowed on this occasion to ride on an Irish car. It was two days' march from Carlow, and after I had given up the prisoners at the gaol, and taken a receipt for their "bodies," I told the men before they lodged their arms, which is a custom in Ireland, in the barrack, that they were to get their breakfasts before they left the next morning, and that

for this purpose, I should not start for an hour or two later. Accordingly the next morning the detachment marched out of Naas, and arrived at a town called Kilkullen, when the Sergeant told me the men wished to halt for breakfast. I told him they had all well understood they were to get their breakfasts before leaving, but that I would not refuse to allow them to fall out for ten minutes or a quarter-of-an-hour. The men accordingly went into different beer shops, and after a much longer time than I had allowed, I ordered the Sergeant to make them fall in. There seemed no appearance of this order being obeyed, and it was a long while before the men did obey. The word was given to them to march off, and I presume rather than have a disturbance in the street, the escort marched off properly enough, but on getting well out of the town, they all with one accord began to what is called "mark time," a piece of tomfoolery which is not quite easy to understand. The men were not what may be called in open mutiny, for they obeyed the word which I gave them to halt. I forget the words I used exactly, but I gave them to know I should stand none of their nonsense, and followed by giving the order "quick march." This was followed by a repetition of "marking time," and as the men were in downright mutiny, save the Sergeant, I told him to fall to the rear. It was difficult for me to know exactly what to do, and the course I pursued, may, in the eyes of some, be open to censure, but it was original and the result was quite efficacious. I have said that I was lame and riding in an open car; I knew there was a police-barrack two or three miles further on, and I

knew also there was a large military force at Newbridge of at least two or three regiments. I determined therefore to drive on to the Police Station and report to the Officer Commanding at Newbridge, that some men of the 82nd had mutinied under my command, and that I awaited his orders. This despatch I wrote, and told the Police Officer in charge, that if he saw (as I expected he would), the men in question marching in a disorderly and irregular manner, he was at once to despatch my letter by an orderly to Newbridge ; but if on the other hand, he saw the escort marching in a soldierlike and proper way, to take no further notice ; I then drove back to meet the men. They did not perhaps know what I had been up to, but I met my friends marching in "sections of threes," with sloped arms, in the most gingerly way, as if nothing had happened. Something had come over them, and they thought better of it. The matter was of course investigated, but I myself never heard more about it. I quite forget the name of the Barrack Master at Carlow, or his former military rank, but he was an old experienced soldier, and his advice to me was, as a young officer, to commit every word of this business to paper forthwith. The matter was a nasty one, and seems to have been talked about to some purpose, for he gave me this advice in the barrack-square the day after the escort had returned. He was surprised at it, adding "that he always thought the 82nd a very fine regiment."

Mutiny is an awkward matter with which to deal, but flogging had not then been abolished. To give military men their due, I think all of them would be unanimous

on the score of retaining the power of inflicting it when necessary, and must be held irresponsible for its present abolition, and the House of Commons, and other equally wise persons, are chiefly to be thanked for the measure. Nothing can be worse in my mind than the plan of overlooking a thing of this kind, which now prevails, that of "keeping dark" or "hushing up" the matter. An example should be made on the spot (if practicable), or as soon after as possible, and this of the most stringent kind. If the English army is ever again engaged in military operations of any magnitude, this punishment of flogging must be renewed; there is nothing between it and shooting. Flogging brings the Briton more to his senses than any other kind of appeal, and he returns in due time to his duty, generally a better and a wiser man. The Spaniards shoot. Their military code inflicts the punishment of death in cases, not only of cowardice and misbehaviour before the enemy, but for minor crime. The late General Lovell Badcock told me when he was in command of the 15th Hussars, that he had been eye-witness to the decimation of a whole Spanish regiment for cowardice. As observed, flogging will have to be re-introduced, unless the English wish to follow the example of the Spanish army.

I cannot call to mind where the regiment was stationed, whether at home or abroad, I have entirely forgotten, but I distinctly remember Colonel Johnstone, the husband of the lady who eloped with Lord Brudenell, to have dined at the 82nd mess. He was a most jolly, jovial man, and no one for a moment would have

believed him to have sustained any such loss. It was said, and I believe with perfect truth, that Lord Brudenell offered him "satisfaction" of the sort gentlemen understand, but he at once put the matter on a different footing, "He was very much obliged to his Lordship."

In 1836 that regiment embarked at Cork for Gibraltar, and then formed one of the six regiments there stationed, viz., 33rd, 52nd, 60th, 68th, 81st, 82nd. The barracks at Cork are very large, and capable of holding several battalions. On this occasion four regiments were in readiness for embarkation, the 18th, 33rd, 35th, and 82nd; of these the first was for Ceylon, the third for the Mauritius, and the two others were told off for Gibraltar. The Colonel of the 82nd was a good drill, and always had his men well in hand, in fact few better men at the head of a regiment. He came into the mess-room one day, after a conversation with another Commanding Officer, and jokingly remarked that the latter had just asked him "Whether he ever did things on a movable pivot." There was a good laugh amongst us at this tactical performance.

The voyage out was rough, and having two cases of small-pox on board, the transport was put into quarantine on arrival, and on disembarking the regiment occupied the Town Range barracks.

During the last year I was there, Prince George of Cambridge came out, and was nominally attached to the 33rd regiment, and returned to England in due course with the rank of Colonel. It did not tend to my comfort that I had for my Captain a very unpopular officer, to whom a Recruiting Sergeant

would not exactly have given the Queen's shilling. His appearance might not have prevented higher military qualities, but these were wanting, for "*tel brille au second, s'éclipse au premier.*" Great in command of a company, he afterwards displayed less ability in handling his regiment at drills, and finally extinguished himself by being "dismissed the service" for disobedience of orders before the enemy! This man was a remarkable instance of retribution, otherwise would have been beneath notice.

The 82nd was a wonderfully steady, well drilled regiment, thanks to its then Colonel and Adjutant, and had about the average *esprit de corps*, which I have observed is far greater in some regiments than in others. The set of officers was at that time decidedly above par, and there were many who might have taken their place with the pick of the army, but there were two, however, and perhaps three, of whom this could not be said, and these might as well have been elsewhere. Nevertheless, the three years I served in it at Gibraltar were about the most unpleasant and unprofitable in my existence, and as servants say of their places, I could not find myself comfortable; perhaps I was dwelling too much on the past.

The profession of a soldier is a grand calling with every nation; none more so; it brings out the best feelings of man on many opposite occasions; the soldier distinguishes more than the civilian, upon the nice distinction of honour and dishonour, still in the ranks of every army, and by experience, I know that in the British Army, black sheep crop up (or used so to do), far too often. Some regiments are more free from this

disaster than others ; those that were termed "crack," having less to say to the gentry of that class. A creature of that sort is an insufferable nuisance, for you meet him at every turn ; on parade, off parade, at mess, and after mess ; the man turns up like Banquo's ghost. You are lucky if you haven't to fight a duel with this regimental treasure, for he is uniformly a low-born fellow, and delights in saying impertinent things, but kicking and duelling are not commendable, and even were they, one can't get rid of the brute. The special season of this complaint is on board ship, in an area of about ten by six, or probably with you in your own cabin. The glories of the military life are great, no doubt, but this difficulty is one of the drawbacks the regimental officer has to face. Of this class are some who "drink on the sly," others who, "unmitigated" snobs, as I have heard an old friend style them, are those who, belonging themselves, by origin, to the lower class, are especially fond of talking of dignities, not "speaking evil" of them exactly, but transferring "wrongly pronounced" family name to equally wrong titles of nobility, causing a repugnance of the most indescribable sort in those who know better. I remember once an Assistant Surgeon who had this "parlour trick," if one may so use this Americanism in reference to a male party.

Possessed of a good horse, which had belonged to a smuggler, the daily ride was along the shore towards Algesiras, a town opposite to Gibraltar, on the other side of the bay. There is a vineyard two miles beyond it, which if one could reach without being taken by

banditti, would well repay the visit, for the grapes were wonderful. To enter any Spanish town in midday of summer, such as Algesiras, is like entering a city of the dead ; all are taking their *siesta* ; not a soul on foot. During the time I was at Gibraltar, three officers of the regiment were taken by banditti ; two of them were allowed to go back to Gibraltar to collect the ransom of the third, who was kept prisoner, arriving long after gun-fire. The money was made up, but though deposited at a spot agreed upon, the rascals had made off, the Gendarmes being after them, and their prisoner got free, but not without some rough handling ; they had blindfolded him and carried him off towards the Sierra.

Hunting with English foxhounds after racoons in the Cork Wood was practised by the garrison, an officer of the 52nd being the huntsman. On Sunday, a bull fight used to come off at Algesiras. The only real feature in this most disgusting performance, is the appearance of the bull when first let into the arena, his look of surprise, added to his own natural fierceness was striking ; the clapping of hands by women and others, when the animal gores an unfortunate half frightened horse, displaying his entrails, is simply horrifying and most debasing.

No such thing as butter ever enlivened a man's breakfast on that rock of Gibraltar. Some of the officers of the Dépôt sent out a keg of Irish salt butter for four of their friends, of whom I was one, and an American vessel being then in harbour with a cargo of ice, enabled us to freeze the same very satisfactorily. This impor-

tation of ice was then not frequent, but probably is so now. The celebrated crack frigate of the United States Navy, whose name I have forgotten, came to Gibraltar during that time, and I remember being singularly struck with the smart crew which manned the Captain's gig when coming on shore ; I heard they were nearly all Englishmen. How about that in case of war ?

It was during the time the 82nd were at Gibraltar, that the Governor, Sir Alexander Woodford, wanted to see the regiment exercised by the two senior Lieutenants ; accordingly, as one of them, when my turn came, I put the battalion through about six or seven manœuvres, and I could not help thinking what a fine steady set of men I had before me. On returning to take my place in the rear, a Captain (Bender) made way for me to get to my place—"That's the way to do it" said he to me. Officers, take them one with the other, are a selfish lot ; here was a case of one devoid of any bad feeling.

It was in December, 1838, or January, 1839, that I obtained leave of absence, and left Gibraltar in the same steamer which was taking Prince George of Cambridge and Colonel Cornwall to Cadiz, at which they disembarked. The Peninsula Co.'s steamers put into Lisbon, and did so on this occasion, anchoring in the Tagus. I remember landing and walking about some of the streets, showing visible signs of the earthquake in 1755 (I think that was the date). At that time, 1839, there were no drains, so called, and the dogs and pigs eat up all the dirt and refuse thrown into the streets ; one had to be careful how one walked. After

being at the opera I went off in a boat to the steamer, an operation I have heard not always void of risk at that late hour of the night. The voyage homeward was rough, and we had to put into Corunna for coals. This occupied a day, and I took the opportunity of mounting a horse, and with the aid of a guide saw the higher ground from whence the French harassed the re-embarkation of Sir John Moore's forces. The spot was marked on the bastion where he fell, and was buried, and where, as the verse runs, "he lay like a warrior taking his rest, with his martial cloak around him."

The voyage across the Bay of Biscay to Falmouth was rougher than anything I have ever known; the mails at that time were always landed there, and I landed with them, having had quite enough of it, and left the same night by the dear old mail-coach for London, reaching Exeter at twelve noon the next day for "dinner." Whilst the steamer was at Corunna, I had to act as interpreter for some of the passengers, for during my three years service at Gibraltar, I had picked up a fair smattering of Spanish. To a man who knows French and Latin, no language is easier.

I have somewhat anticipated matters, and I am reminded as I proceed, of a few occurrences before the 82nd left Ireland in 1836, but as the events occurred within a few years of one another, and equally so close to the time I exchanged into it, the order of date is not material.

Having left the 15th at Cahir for London, ostensibly to join the Spanish Legion in 1835, the passage from Dublin to Liverpool most unexpectedly brought me in

contact with an old Oxford friend, Lord Glandine, whom I had known at Brasenose as Toler. He was High Sheriff for King's County, and had been attending the Assizes, and having his carriage on board, offered me a seat up to London. There was at that time only a short line of rail open, viz. : between Liverpool and Manchester, otherwise we posted the whole way. I suppose we must have arrived at Buxton early in the forenoon, because he went to breakfast with Lady Londonderry, and I performed the same ceremony at some hotel. One thing interested me much ; the two judges had known his grandfather, the first Lord Norbury, and were full of his witty sayings and doings, for up to those days almost, the newspapers had always something to say on that subject, headed "Lord Norbury's last." There was a very good pun on his family name of Toler, in connection with the church bell, but I have forgotten the exact words. I never met him again until living many years after near Lymington, when he had married my old friend John Trotter's niece, Miss Lindsay-Bethune, who as Lady Norbury was the admiration of all. Subsequent to this, Lord Norbury's brother-in-law, Stewart of Rockhill, told me the exact truth of the murder of Lord Norbury's father, which some member of the House, it may still be remembered, so unwarrantably and wickedly insinuated to have taken place otherwise. Mr. Stewart (grandson of the Marquis of Drogheda), was on a visit to the house at the time (having married the eldest daughter), and helped to carry in the murdered body of the Earl ; there was no doubt, he told me, that it was the butler who com-

mitted the act, and who took himself off shortly after, but the reason instigating this foul act on the man's part need not be entered into ; nevertheless, here was an instance to some purpose of the truth of the saying, "*cherchez la femme.*" The wonder is how any astute man could have allowed himself to be so duped and misinformed ; but there again, if I mistake not, was another instance on the matter of "*cherchez la femme,*" the whole Toler family being Protestants in the strictest sense.

Mullingar was the first station of the 82nd after leaving Dublin in 1835, and that part of Ireland, in the bog of Allen, used to be full of snipe. The meaning of Irish "Blarney" is known to most of us, and though destitute of truth, is sometimes pleasant to hear and consoling. A man who did odds and ends for me on shooting occasions, never failed to say when I shot a bird, "Och, yur honour is the greatest snipe shot that iver I sar ;" but when I missed, his uniform consolatory expression was, "Sure if yur honour didn't kill him, yer hit him very *seavarely.*" This man had an eye for other game. "Lie down, lie down, yur honour, here's a curlew," laying the emphasis well upon the last syllable ; making a whistle by way of enticing the bird, and transforming himself as well as he could into the form, and imitating the cry of one of the same species. This appears to be a popular superstition, but quite fallacious and ludicrous in the extreme, the supposition being that the whistle will make the bird hover within reach of an easy shot. This man was an example of the class which go to make our soldiers, and could be equally made as good subjects and tenants, were it not for the Priesthood, by whom

they are governed, or whom rather they worship, and that is the reason why you never can come at the bottom of crime in Ireland. I lived for four years in that country after leaving the army, chiefly because my admiration of the Irish as soldiers, led me to form golden opinions of the people as peasants, but the raw material before being brought into form by military discipline, was an element dangerous and untrustworthy then unknown to me. When living in Donegal, I used to prevent people making short cuts through the plantations and grounds which I rented, so I at once became a marked man, and put down or "booked" to be shot the first opportunity. An old soldier of the 52nd, who was living with me as an indoor servant, heard a woman make this threat, and taking her up on the spot, remarked, "Now, remember! I have heard you say that." But mark well! I was no landowner; no wonder the actual landlord cares little to live among such a Priest-ridden and murderous set. The Irish disciplined soldier, and the raw peasant, are very different people, but you don't find this out until after you have lived among them. I cared very little for life in those days, and had I been attacked, or anything occurred of the nature in question, I should have thought as little of shooting a man as a partridge.

Whilst on this topic, I may as well allude to something of the same kind, for these bad tricks are catching, and which actually took place in England, the date is of no great moment. I was living within a few miles of the county town and received a threatening letter, drawn up in the most foul and disgusting language,

bidding me to "*wait till the hedges gets a bit thicker, you d—d, &c.*" I sent the letter to the Secretary of State, and the Government offered a reward of £50; I also sent it to the Chief Constable of the County, to whom I communicated my suspicion, and the way in which it was brought home to the party was clear enough; the suspected person was a manufacturer of no matter what, and some large quantity of his ware being at that time wanted, a contract-estimate was at once forwarded to the man; he jumped at the offer, sent in his estimate at once, and fell into the trap. The writings were identical, and the great expert Nettleship so pronounced them—not a shadow of doubt about it. What further link was required to bring the fellow to justice I entirely forget, but the documents were kept in case anything turned up. Like many such matters, this had its origin in something of no great weight, for he had been caught shooting by a man in my employ. Some of the Irish ruffians had set this individual an example, although this sort of thing had scarcely then taken root in English soil. My acquaintance with the Irish, and this national tendency to murder, has on one or two occasions somewhat disturbed me, especially during my army career. A soldier in the 87th, into which I exchanged from the 82nd, whom I punished, and visited in the "cells," used some threatening language, which luckily he was unable to carry into effect, for he went into hospital, and there died. Putting different things together, I now think the man was a little mad, but men of that sort are just those who commit murderous acts, and frequently escape on the score of mental

derangement. My habit of writing and working, and sitting up late at night, especially in the tropics, with doors and windows wide open for ventilation, afforded a fine opportunity for indulging in these propensities, and the thought often came across me of being victimized on such occasions by some worthless incorrigible ruffian, of which the English army harbours a good many. A soldier of the same regiment was sentenced to be shot, and was executed just before I arrived at the Isle of France in 1841. He had shot a corporal, who ultimately recovered. Even-handed justice, without favour or affection, with the strictest impartiality, are the best securities to safeguard the officer in command of his men, whether he has to deal with a regiment or only a company of it. These unpleasant topics seem to force themselves on one, therefore "*revenons à nos moutons.*"

I was possessed about this time of an elaborate writing desk, quite unknown for its "secret drawers" and size to the present race; it was like a large brass bound mahogany trunk, and my father had it made in his early days, and I mention it because it had been to the North Pole, or as far as we have been able to attain in that direction. He lent it to Captain Lyons (of the same family which afterwards became ennobled in the person of Lord Lyons), in order to secure it that celebrity, when he and Captain Parry made their voyage of discovery in those regions.

In the autumn of the same year (1839), having obtained my company, I exchanged into the 87th Fusiliers, then on service at the Isle of France, and joined its

Depôt in Dublin. The *esprit de corps* in this Irish regiment was second to none, and no man who ever joined it failed to enter into all its glorious history and doings, and to identify himself with it in every sense. In 1840 the Depôt having left Dublin for Carlisle, I obtained leave of absence to go to Berlin. I must not forget to say that whilst in Dublin I entered to my heart's content into all the balls to which I was invited, or at the Rotunda, to which I invited myself. There was at that time a wonderfully pretty girl, Miss Macnamara, who bewitched a good many; she ultimately married a Captain Conroy, aide-de-camp to the General Commanding (Sir Edward Blakeney), dying the same year of her marriage.

I ought not to forget to notice two matters at this period in connection with Dublin. I am well acquainted with London fogs; they are black, and so far do not resemble the fog I remember here, more dense, but not so discoloured. I was walking in the winter of 1839 from the Pigeon House Fort into Dublin; there was the most dense fog I had ever seen; one had not to lose touch of the wall, skirting the path. On nearing the canal (called I think the Porto Bello), and the bridge over it, I heard a great uproar of voices—"Tim, what are you about! Don't pull the mare"; I was sufficiently near to hear this and more distinctly; presently this was followed by a fearful splash, as if some car or vehicle had backed or been pulled into the canal. There was a man close by, who heard the same and observed what a terrible thing it was not to be able to render any assistance. The fog was such that if one

had left the path or wall, it would have been impossible to have found one's way. My impression at this time is, that some outside car got thus into the canal, or one of the party, for the next day I passed the spot, and the dead body of a man was lying (I suppose waiting for the inquest), on the roadside.

The officers quartered in Dublin, had in my day, free entrée to the theatre, and I often went. The street or road from Dublin to Irish Town is skirted with lamp-posts, rather wide apart. I left the theatre one night ; not a soul was in the street, but on nearing and passing close to one of these lamp-posts, I saw on the wall the reflection of a boy on the point of dipping his hand into my pocket ; there was no mistake about it. I turned sharply round and seized the fellow by the neck, or whatever he wore round it, he had (more Hibernico), no shoes, his bare feet gave no signs of him. He was a great "lump" of a youth, and began to struggle and bite, but I had a good grip of the fellow, and he could do nothing. I called "Police," but of course none were to be found, so I pulled the fellow back some distance in that way, and eventually came upon one or two of the force, to whom I handed him over. I appeared against him, but what his sentence was I never heard.

It was about the time of my being at Berlin that I seriously meditated a fresh attempt of compiling a Military Technological Dictionary in French, English, and German. I had in fact commenced such a work three or four years before, but I found that I made so many errors that I threw up the job in disgust, being at the time at Gibraltar ; now, I re-conceived the idea and worked

upon other lines. Lord William Russell, a General Officer, was at that time the English Ambassador at the Court of Berlin, and was particularly civil to me, for he had been aide-de-camp to Lord Lynedoch, who commanded at the battle of Barossa, in which the 87th greatly distinguished themselves, taking the Eagle of the 8th French Light Infantry Regiment ; I shall have somewhat more to say about that gallant fellow, Lord Gough, on this matter. He told me that after the battle, it was pretended that the Eagle had been picked up on the field by a drummer boy ; this so irritated the corps, that one of the officers publicly gave out that he should be found walking at a certain hour in one of the streets of Cadiz, " when he should like to see the man who would say the regiment had not taken the *aigle* (eagle)." This officer, I have reason to know, was a Captain in the 87th, named " Timmy Kenelly," an Hibernian from the name, and as full of fight as many others of his countrymen, especially at that time, when duelling was more in vogue.

The further history of the " Eagle " is not void of interest. It was stolen from Chelsea Hospital at the time of the Duke of Wellington's funeral, and has not since been traced. Sir John Doyle presented it on the Horse Guards Parade to the Duke of York, the then Commander-in-Chief, and the Right Hon. Colonel North (then Sydney Doyle), and now living, is my authority, was present with his uncle on that occasion. Whether during the late " tinkering " the army has undergone, the buttons of the regimental clothing have been altered or not, I cannot say, but in my day, they carried as

their chief emblem a representation of the 8th French Infantry Eagle.

In pursuance of my object, Lord William obtained for me permission to get access to the Artillery Workshops, for in compiling a technical work it was imperative to verify every tool, weapon, or utensil used in the military service ; and this information could only be acquired by investigation on the actual spot. It was in this way and for that object, that I visited on subsequent occasions, and more than once, Paris, Brussels, and Woolwich, the latter arsenal in fact, frequently. Berlin, however, became my primary source of enquiry, and the acquaintance which I made at that time of the Superintendent, Captain Blume, enabled me to complete an undertaking of the most arduous and laborious nature. This opportunity also gave me fresh impulse, for I had destroyed my first attempt at a Dictionary of military terms. Such a work as a Dictionary brooks no imperfection ; it must not only be correct, it must be faultless. From this time forward I date the commencement of my laborious task, which I subsequently carried on in different parts of the world, being always the one thing uppermost in my mind ; but what did I eventually get for it in the English service, for which it was intended ? Nothing ! unless throwing up my commission, and a beggarly grant of £200 doled out in 1891 (fifty-two years after), can be called any recompense.

Although I did not know it at that particular time, the ceremony of doing "Homage" on the accession of the then King of Prussia, Frederick William IV., was shortly about to take place, and for this ceremony, many

foreign officers, especially from Russia, were present at the time, and I received an invitation to the Court dinners which followed it. An officer who had been on the staff of the German Legion during the late Peninsular war, was my neighbour on one side ; I never heard his name or knew his rank, but I was very much interested in his uniform, which was a perfect curiosity at that time as a specimen of the staff at the Peninsular epoch. The whole garrison of Berlin was on duty on that occasion, and it was about that time, and during that ceremony that I saw Marshal Paskewitch, who had come, I presume, to congratulate the King, and I sat next to one of his aides-de-camp at some other Court dinner. I was very much impressed with this officer, as I presume an average specimen of the Russian Staff, he compared more than favourably with any I had seen elsewhere, no matter of what country. It fell to my lot to strike up an intimate friendship with Captain de Fallois, of an old Huguenot family, who many years afterwards when a Lieut.-General and covered with orders, sent me his photograph, but he had lost an eye. He was aide-de-camp to Prince Adelbert, the founder, one may say, of the German Navy, for at that date Prussia did not possess a single ship of war to my knowledge ; one only looked upon Prussia at that time as the head and model of military nations, representing all the traditions of Frederick the Great ; much credit is therefore due to Prince Adelbert for his exertions in the naval line.

There were at least three Englishmen or rather British National born subjects in the Prussian Guards at that

time ; one named Annesley in the Cuirassiers of the Guard ; Schreiber (possibly of German origin), in the Garde Dragoner ; and Kingdon in one of the regiments of Foot Guards. I dined with Lord William Russell, when the first-named was present ; Lord Augustus Loftus and myself comprised the whole company or *partie quarée*. There was a remark made by Lieutenant Annesley that English regimental officers did not know their work ; and being at that time a very red hot as well as a red coated soldier, this somewhat put my back up, but I said what was necessary and *bienséance* prevented any row, though really as a matter of fact, he was not very wrong in respect of some, and there is no doubt that such was the general opinion on the subject among foreigners at that period. When I was in the 15th in Dublin, I remember introducing myself to an officer at one of the Lord Lieutenant's levées in a Bavarian uniform. He turned out to be an Irishman, and was probably a Roman Catholic, for the Austrian service also, used at one time to number a few Catholics of British nationality in its ranks. I am not quite sure if the practice is a good one, or whether it "works" well on either side. Why should not such and such a man be in his own country's service, is a question which either side will ask ; besides the days of Marshal Keith, and of some other Russian (English) Admirals are gone and not likely to return. All foreign officers with whom I have been brought in contact, I have liked immensely, what therefore was an attraction to myself, may have been so to others who enlisted. England's great "Iron" Duke may

have held a different opinion ; he probably did so when he “scratched ” me, being too one-sided and prejudiced to admit that what was “sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander,” and that a spade is a spade whether you ask for one in German, French, or English, but that it accelerates matters very much to be able to ask for it in the language of the country. I am not one who blindly “follows suit,” and subscribes to his pre-eminence as a General. He had the *best* soldiers in the world, though rather too few of them, and of them, he lost more than he need have done at some of those Spanish fortresses ; nevertheless he had his idolizers then and now. Although it rather tells against this observation, I cannot help putting on record the rather singular fulfilment of a prophecy. When the news reached England of some victory which Wellington achieved in the Maratta war (I think), my father wrote to my grandfather these words—“The time will come when Major-General Wellesley will be the Duke of Marlborough of this country.” Of course in his estimation such a man could not err ; he belonged to the category of his idolizers ; nevertheless, “*Quot homines, tot sententiæ*,” and I am an admirer of that “rascal ” Napoleon. Again hereby hangs a tale. Someone asked Wellington (as I have heard) what he would have done at Waterloo, if the Prussians had not come up. He is reported to have said that “he would have retreated on the Forest of Soigné, and that the Devil would not have got him out.” Although rather more than an octo-nonogenarian, with only hearsay or tradition to rely on, I should think with Napoleon’s reserve, that this was easier said than done,

especially as Soigné was at some distance from his rear. Retreating is one of the most difficult operations of war, and how much more so is retiring in the face of the enemy ; the English are notably bad for this movement to the rear ; their forte lies in the advance. Nothing could be worse than Sir John Moore's retreat on Corunna, but no army can retire as a rule without great loss ; the whole thing ends before long in a rout with the best troops ; this has been the case with the French ; it has occurred with the Germans ; Sir John Moore's retreat on Corunna is not an operation to boast of ; therefore retreating on Soigné is problematical.

It was not long after my return from leave, and joining the 87th Depôt at Carlisle that I received orders to join the Service Companies at the Mauritius ; the Governor had sent orders home to have an additional Captain sent out, and it fell to my turn. The "Union" transport, in which my passage was given me, sailed some time in the winter from the London Docks in 1841, and my father saw me off. It was an American built ship and a regular tub of the slowest kind, and was a hundred and nineteen days going out. Three Professors for the Royal College at Port Louis were my fellow passengers, which proved a very great advantage, for they were all men naturally of a literary turn, and very good company. I gave one of them, named Professor Burrowes, a word-for-word translation of the opening part of Göethe's Faust, and upon that, with the exact metre of the original in addition, he composed the best lines of any which have yet or since been produced ; in fact they are so very superior, that I have

added them in the Appendix. I sent the verses to the late Lord Leveson Gower, the first who translated Faust, and he pronounced them "very felicitous." I had taken a Thames wherry to carry out to the Mauritius, being fond of sculling, which was lashed to the stern of the vessel, having laid the pleasing unction to my soul that I might be able to use it, but it was otherwise, and the boat was useless. I nearly came to grief on the river with this boat, a day or two before I left the London Docks for the Mauritius ; I got too close to a barge moored somewhere above Westminster Bridge, which sucked the boat under it, so that it nearly filled, but I was rescued by a waterman rowing up the river, though at the time I thought he made very light of my perilous position. My reason for taking out a boat, was that I had seen an officer of the 52nd at Gibraltar comfortably enjoying himself in the bay, and I thought to adopt the plan. I remember in crossing the Line, during the customary becalming, whilst giving the same a coat of paint, and turning up my shirt-sleeves to perform the operation, my arms under an equatorial sun were so fearfully blistered that I shall remember it to the day of my death. I always took down each day's "reckoning," and afterwards had it pricked off on a chart, forming a pleasing reminiscence in one way of the voyage, and in another of the very few knots made per day on the way out. The benito, caught in a certain latitude about Madeira, like a very large mackerel, duly appeared at table during that part of the voyage, and is an excellent fish. That splendid bird also, the albatross, once came on board, as well as the Cape pigeon, which as well known, becomes sick on touching the vessel.

The Mauritius is the site of the "Paul and Virginia" story, and I read it in French going out. After the usual rough weather off the Cape, we at length reached Port Louis, and I and the Professors, or one of them at least, put up at Luciani's Hotel. I had brought out also besides the boat, a pointer; I was anxious to get rid of him, so I advertised this "*chien d'arrêt*" in a local paper at once, and he was snapped up by a sugar planter in a very short time.

The 87th regiment was not at Port Louis, but at Mahebourg, on the other side of the island. I had brought out introductions to the Governor, Sir Lionel Smith, and delivered them to him personally the day following my arrival. I dined as a matter of course, by invitation at Government House, a day or so afterwards, the party being a large one, and I remember his daughter had just married an aide-de-camp, Captain Warde. The Military Secretary was an officer of the 87th, Captain O'Brien, who afterwards as a Major-General, commanded the troops in Ceylon; I was always on very friendly terms with him, for he was a good French scholar and linguist, and we understood one another. Not very long before my arrival in the island, a soldier of the 87th had been shot, by sentence of court-martial for shooting a Corporal, who happily survived. I may be wrong, but I believe this was the last case of any sentence of death being carried out. It is a bad thing that the abolition of flogging, so foolishly abolished in the British army, can only be replaced in time of war, by this extreme penalty.

Not very long after my joining the 87th, I walked on

one occasion, from Mahebourg to Port Louis, the distance being upwards of thirty miles, and went to a ball at Government House, dancing with one of Sir Lionel Smith's daughters, who was afterwards destined to become my wife.

The routine of military life in any of the British Colonies, has not much interest, and therefore little can be said on that head, but I will give a few trifling incidents for what they are worth. My company was in due course ordered to relieve another of the regiment stationed in a very beautiful part of the island called Black River, being, as far as I remember, about thirty-five miles off on the south side of the island, and the men left about four p.m. in order to march through the night, arriving after an hour's halt, at the post in question. During the march the Sergeant had told me that if I would allow the men to take off their shoes and stockings, they would march much better ; I therefore, Irishmen as they were, consented, seeing nothing very objectionable, though somewhat rather unmilitary, in this proceeding, but when the company arrived within sight of the post, there was a manifest dislike to again put on the same.

Few sites can vie with the part of the island called "Rivière Noire." That park-like level is surrounded on three sides by moderately high mountains, each from the nature of its verdure of a different colour, the view being closed in on one, the open side, by a gorge and forest, whence issues the river, so called, the dark recesses of the forest, accounting for the name. The shells of the island, some of them at least are wonderfully beautiful, as well as the coral on the reefs, when

first leaving the water, though it afterwards fades, losing all those flowery and many coloured spots, which at first make it like nothing else. An old French gentleman (named Genève), of the last century school, and a model of good breeding, had sway over this part of the island, but I never heard whether or not as the actual owner. A combination of houses (or bungaloes) formed his residential abode ; in one he dined, in another slept, in another he had a museum and library, reception room in another ; and in a country generally dry and void of rain, save in the season of hurricanes, this sort of ménage was possible. The land crabs make holes in the ground, and are as dangerous on horseback as rabbit holes, which they much resemble. I had a habit of working by night at my Dictionary, and was often disturbed by the noise of these creatures walking about the floor, every door, from the heat, being kept open. A black flat fish is, also, caught on these shores, called an "Electric fish" ; its tail is as long as a riding whip, for which it could well be used.

This part of the world lies in the hurricane latitude, and the havoc which ensues from that violent atmospheric disturbance is well known ; no part of Port Louis which I remember now exists, in consequence of the terrific hurricane which took place in 1892. What is there termed a *demi coup de vent* happened only once during my time, but it was very much stronger than any blowing storm of Europe. It was sometime after, or following one of these "*demi coups de vent*," that I drove with a brother officer to a military post at "Gunner's Quoin," a rock to the north of the island, so called from

its exact resemblance to the same ; I drove fast, and the ignorant soldier-servant of the officer of the post, gave the horse a bucket of cold water, so that it died in less than an hour after. This obliged us to walk back, and I shall never forget the warm rain with which we were drenched, for I had on a white *beaver* hat, long since extinct as an article of dress, and the warmth of the rain so softened the texture that it got into a state resembling nothing else, and if preserved would have formed a good specimen of this obsolete hat, and of what any head dress is capable of becoming.

I happened once to see a vessel come into Port Louis harbour, with its bulwarks entirely carried away by a hurricane in which it had been caught ; the deck was perfectly cleared of everything, from stem to stern, and I went on board of her, but found it a difficult job to manage. This vessel, after refitting, took home the Governor's family after his death, an event which took place some time before, and sad to say, his wife, Lady Smith, died two days afterwards. Sir Lionel Smith had seen much service in India during the Maratta war ; in the Persian Gulf, &c., but was most noted for his capabilities as a Governor, and in that way as Governor-General of Jamaica, had carried out the emancipation of the slaves for the Whigs. He was a popular Governor, and the Colony erected a monument to him over his grave ; it was executed by the then well-known sculptor, Westmacott, the Island subscribing £1000 for the same.

A very disagreeable Court Martial took place whilst I was at Port Louis, perfectly interminable in its dura-

tion ; I forget the number of days, but my company was then stationed at Fort George, at the entrance of the harbour, and as I was one of its members, I had the pleasure of being rowed backwards and forwards every day during the whole time I was quartered there.

The shells at the Mauritius are very beautiful ; I collected a great many ; those called the cone, the harp, and the olive, I used to get brought to me, by a man who fished for them at Black River ; I think I can see him now, sitting in his black boat, on the calm sea ; but I knew them better by their French names. Upon one occasion I boarded a South Sea whaler, which came into Port Louis, and got many shells from those latitudes also. I sent a large quantity of these shells to Berlin, to my friend Captain Blume of the Artillery ; he was wonderfully pleased with them, for such things were then very rare in Germany, and I remember seeing them all displayed in a glass case made purposely for them, some time afterwards.

I happened to have brought out with me a capital shoulder-duck-gun, and I stalked, in a hot mid-day sun, when at Black River, some curlew I had taken notice of. I shot two, and sent them to the Governor's house at Reduit, and I believe they were duly acknowledged and cooked. There is a very beautiful bird in the Mauritius, the name of which, unless it be "pintad," I forget at this moment, something of the grouse species, and is found among the sugar canes ; I saw one once on the wing, and I should think it a very easy bird to kill, but I never had the chance. I remember when I visited Gunner's Quoin, above alluded to, I saw that

beautiful bird, the boatswain, soaring about, and contrasting by his white plumage remarkably with the dark rocks and cliffs thereabouts ; the French name of that bird is "*paille-en-queue*." On that said curiously shaped island or rock, were growing in great profusion on the ground, a small melon, about the size of a good orange ; and here I may observe *en passant* that nothing can equal the pureness of the water at the Mauritius.

Whilst I was in the 87th at the Mauritius, a relative of the reigning Imaun of Muscat died, and a party of three officers and a hundred men, furnished by the 35th regiment, were told off to escort the funeral cortége ; I had command of it, and I should scarcely have mentioned it, but for a very ridiculous incident. After the men, drawn up in a very narrow street, had presented arms to the coffin, covered with the Green Shawl, betokening the Prophet, and were marching in solemn silence towards the cemetery, four or five pigs, always where they should not be in those latitudes, and frightened by the crowd, ran bolt into the party between the soldiers legs, upsetting more than one of them. There is no reasoning with pigs, and nothing could be done, but it had a very ludicrous and unmilitary effect at the time, especially considering the imaginary importance of the Princely deceased.

The Imaun of Muscat, an Arabian potentate, had known Sir Lionel Smith when on service up the Persian Gulf, and sent him four Arab horses whilst I was there. They were all chesnuts, and very small ; I saw an officer perched on one of them, and looking wonderfully uncomfortable.

Whilst I was stationed with my company at Black River, an incident occurred, which had the Governor lived, might have got me into trouble. The coast at this southern part of the island, abounds with fish, and on one occasion when some men were making rather too free use of the military post, I ordered them off. I was right both in a military point of view, and according to the old French law, but the men went to the Governor, who took a view adverse to me and in their favour, so it ended in the parties bringing an action against me. Monsieur Genève, of whom I have spoken, knew that the law was on my side, and always friendly to the English, put my case into the hands of a colonial lawyer, a friend of his. Sir Lionel Smith in the meanwhile had died, so that the people bringing the action lost their main support, and the case was given in my favour; they had laid I know not what fabulous damages against me on the chance of success.

When the time at length arrived that the 87th was to be relieved, I obtained leave to precede it "overland"; a vessel bound for Madras in ballast, was lying in harbour at the time, and I took my passage in her (the *Duchess of Portsmouth*), and bargained to be landed at Point de Galle in Ceylon. My occupation during the entire voyage was one I always pursued, that of my Dictionary, and engrossed in this pursuit, the time did not lie heavy on my hands. It had always been my habit, to note different queries, to be eventually solved on the spot, whether at Woolwich, Berlin, or Paris, and this idea or plan I eventually carried out, by at once on my arrival in England, proceeding

to each. It is a perfect wonder to me that I ever reached Point de Galle, for the skipper, a very indifferent navigator I suspect, was constantly asking me to look at his charts ; I every day took down his reckonings, but afterwards when at home, they were marked off, his last day's reckoning, when he made Ceylon, was more than a hundred miles from the spot. How I ever, also, set foot on that island is a complete mystery to me, or how in fact in these reckonings, he ever made out the entrance of the harbour of Galle ; the chart he showed me could have been of very little use. A boat at length was lowered, my luggage and effects were put into it, and four of the crew plied the oars, whilst the mate took the helm ; the heat on crossing the Line had opened the boat's seams ; it soon filled nearly up to the gunwale, and I thought it was certain to sink. For my part I could see no entrance to any harbour, but I could see the waves dashing against breakers, some distance ahead. I worked like a slave to bale out the water, which always seemed to keep at one point ; every single thing I had was saturated with water ; the sea was swarming with sharks, and I saw nothing but destruction in prospect, so that for many a day this episode in my life's career, I looked upon, as dangerous as any. As I was never more than a very moderate sailor, there may have been a line up to which the water might rise and keep the boat afloat ; this the mate probably knew, for he took it very coolly, and brought it alongside the jetty, which made me also think that he must have been there before. The hot sun, after two days exposure of all my effects in the yard of the

hotel, soon dried them. My recollections of Ceylon do not go for much, for Galle is an uninteresting place, but I remember to have observed a distinct spicy perfume off the island ; I also thought the "Ceylon Rifles" a very soldier-like set of men ; I here also first became acquainted with a punkah, which without my knowing it, had been noiselessly worked, whilst I was discussing my cocoa-nut curry.

The crew of the vessel that took me to Ceylon, were a wonderfully fine set of men, and all English, contrasting very much with the Captain, who was particularly diminutive. One of the smartest things I ever saw done, was by one of these men ; the sailors had hooked an enormous shark, about a day's sail from Ceylon ; one of them let himself down, holding on by a rope, and taking a purchase with one leg, brought himself into more than a horizontal position, and succeeded in placing a hawser round the shark ; I looked at him over the stern of the vessel and saw the whole proceeding, but how he managed to keep himself steady with only one arm to do the business, is a mystery to me to this day ; in its way it was quite equal to any performance on the tight rope, or similar exploit. I hope our Navy has still more of that sort.

Before quitting my remembrances of the Mauritius, and parts South of the Equator, I cannot omit to note how singularly the stars of that hemisphere, in my mind, contrast in point of brilliancy and number with the starry firmament of the Northern. I was struck with this, with the "Southern Cross" in view, after passing the Line, but more particularly during one or

two rides I made by star-light in the early morning, for I was possessed of an excellent Cape horse, one of the only two in the island, and used to leave Black River early for Port Louis. Nothing would have made me take to astronomy more than that glorious aspect of the Southern firmament of the Heavens.

I remember that the atmosphere of Ceylon (or rather Galle), contrasted very unfavourably with that of Mauritius ; in the latter, one had a constant breeze even at the hottest period ; whereas at Point de Galle I found the air and climate less hot, but close and oppressive.

The steamer from Calcutta did not arrive for a fortnight ; it was the "Tenasserim," and had been used as a war vessel up to that time in China, was bringing home to England many of the Chinese and Afghan heroes, and was very much crowded ; amongst others on board was a member of Council, Thoby Prinsep, with his wife and family. I slept the whole way up to Suez on deck, for the vessel swarmed with rats, and were familiar occupants of my berth. The vessel touching at Aden, I landed, and rode to see the English lines on the Arab frontier ; I also remember the regiment of Sepoys stationed there were a very fine soldierly set of men. The voyage up the Red Sea was interesting enough, save that the sandy redness of the shores on both sides had an interminable sameness. I was the first to get on shore at Suez, as I was perfectly sick of being cooped up with so many people ; the two boatmen, I recollect who took me ashore, were covered with vermin. I made no delay whatever at Suez, and forthwith set out on horse-back, with a guide, to cross

the Desert. The track could almost be made out by the bones and skeletons of dead camels, &c., some of them perfectly bleached, others with putrifying flesh, on which vultures were feeding. These birds were so full and bloated, that they seemed unwilling to rise, and when they did so, expanded their wings in a quiet lazy way, notwithstanding that I dismounted and fired a pistol at one of them, being under the impression afterwards, that it was only harmlessly loaded with powder. There was (and is, I suppose), a station on the Desert, in which all passengers by the Indian route, sleep at night, and I must have arrived there after dark, for I have a distinct remembrance of the lighted lamps here and there. I resumed my ride at daylight, accompanied by the guide, but I never could have undertaken this mode of crossing the Desert, but for a pair of green goggles which were kindly lent me, by a Captain I think, in some Sepoy regiment. The hotel at Cairo, at which I eventually arrived, was swarming with flies; of course the flies of Egypt are proverbial. Nothing could equal the unearthly noise of the camels, when they came into the courtyard to be unloaded. I saw nothing very interesting in Cairo, save the wonderful narrowness of the streets, and I had an unpleasant experience of a bath, which I ventured to take; the darkness of the bath-room, with one small bull's eye for a window, and the muddy water of the Nile had a more dirtying than cleansing effect. I was not particularly enamoured, either, of my associates in the "Tenasserim," and remained at Cairo till the next batch came up; besides as the ride across the Desert had somewhat

knocked me up and done me harm, I occupied my room the greater part of the time, and seldom left the hotel. During that interval, I passed the whole day at my never-failing Dictionary, and made myself so acquainted with "Lane's Modern Egyptians," that I bought as many odds and ends, mentioned by him, from Albanian scarfs to Turkish slippers, as would have filled two good sized portmanteaus.

The following set of Indian passengers at length arrived, and I proceeded to Alexandria, chiefly, if I remember, by water. Of course I saw in the distance the Pyramids on leaving Cairo, and that wonderful half-buried Pompey's Pillar at the latter place. I suppose a list of passengers is published at Alexandria, for the Consul-General called upon me quite unexpectedly. He was Captain Lyons, R.N., whom I had never seen before, but he knew all about me, and had served with my father's brother-in-law, the late Sir Harry Burrard Neale; his own brother was subsequently created Lord Lyons. Among the passengers to Malta and Marseilles was Colonel Spiller, the very cut of a soldier in point of appearance; he had been Major of Brigade, or some such rank, to Sir Lionel Smith in India, and knowing that I had just left the Mauritius, and that he had died, was anxious to hear a great deal about him, more in fact than I could tell him. The passengers were all put in quarantine on arrival at Malta, and landed at Fort Manuel, where I passed a very pleasant time to myself, and worked away as hard as I could at my Dictionary.

A naval officer who had been in China, Captain

Bennett, with whom I had struck up a considerable friendship during the Red Sea voyage, had just died there of smallpox, contracted at Cairo. Although there was a very large number of passengers, he was the best style of man of the whole set, and though I know a good many of that name, and am distantly akin to some, I did not ascertain his family connections. He showed me some female dress which he had "looted" in China; a happy specimen of the good combination of colours, in which the Chinese, to my mind, so much excel.

Some rather amusing particulars seem to be connected with Fort Manuel. People were allowed to come and talk with you through a grating, a very unpleasant mode of intercourse, but still sufficient, and in this way Lord Hamilton Chichester visited me to ask questions about his brother Lord John, an officer of the 87th; also Captain Maxwell, Military Secretary to the Governor, Sir Henry Bouverie, for he had been in my time, and still was on the strength of the 82nd regiment, and came to welcome me as an old brother officer; but how different were my army prospects when I came again to Malta in 1848!

After our release from this Fort, my stay at Malta did not exceed, I think, more than three or four days, but had I been inclined, or had time, I should have fared well. The Governor was good enough to ask me to dine, but my custom was always to refuse in those days; a characteristic in early life, frequent enough, but always to be lamented. Colonel Bastard, also, commanding the Artillery there, came to my hotel with his daughter, a friend of my sister, and had chalked out so

much entertainment for me that it would have occupied a week.

A French Government steamer took me and others to Marseilles, from whence by diligence I arrived in due time at Paris. I had nearly lived upon my Colonial allowance at the Mauritius, and was at this period so bent upon purchases, that by the time I arrived in England, I had nearly emptied my pockets. It was from Dieppe that I crossed over to Brighton, and on the arrival of the diligence at the former place, I was accosted by an Englishman, who had all the appearance of a man looking out for a job—to show you the way—or carry your portmanteau ; the man knew me perfectly, and turned out to have been a *ci-devant* builder and architect, whom my father had employed to build two houses of some size at Bishop Stortford and Roydon ; of course he had failed in business, and to avoid imprisonment for debt, then in vogue, had escaped to France. I started the same night on which I arrived at Brighton, by the mail for London. I was the only passenger outside, and at some part of the road, which I have forgotten, something went wrong with the two leaders on going down hill, and they half got up a bank on the roadside ; I had a thick heavy top coat on, and jumped clean into the road and got to their heads. The guard came up soon after, and wonderingly asked “how I ever got there.”

It must have been in June—July, of 1843, that I reached England, for when at Malta in May, I remember well remarking that I found the heat quite equal to, if not exceeding that of the Mauritius. I lost no time

in starting for Berlin to get all my questions answered, of which I had made note in regard to my Work during my absence abroad. I had sent home several shells, coral, &c., and now had the pleasure of recompensing my kind artillery friend, Captain Blume, for some time past head of the "Artillerie-Werkstätte," for his aid in enabling me to prosecute my laborious task, as well as for many answers to my queries. He had been originally a "gunner-and-driver" at Quatre-Bras (Waterloo), and after my time became a General Officer, and employed at the Ministry of War. They "manage these things better" abroad, as Sterne says of France.

The Opera House was burned down the night before I left Berlin, and I went the whole way by boat to Hamburg and thence to London. On reaching Hamburg in the dark, I got into a wrong steamer, and luckily discovered the mistake in time. I now took up my quarters at Woolwich, and working in the Arsenal, and with an old Scotch Artillery Sergeant, and another of the Engineers, I satisfactorily brought that part of my task to an end, as I had done at Berlin and Paris, when *en route* homewards. All this happened in the very nick of time, for no sooner was I ready with my queries, &c., than I heard the 87th had arrived at Glasgow, and a fortnight afterwards I joined this splendid regiment at that place. By three or four deaths among the Captains, I was then within measureable distance of being before long at the top of the list, and considering my short service, my rise was good enough. It was to the Commanding Officer (Colonel Streatfield's) credit, that he gave his senior Captains opportunity of exercising the

regiment, and here, as at the Mauritius, I had more than once command of it. Whether I evinced capacity for handling the batallion in proper form, must have been for him to decide. It was not long after I had joined the 87th at Glasgow on their landing from foreign service, that I was victimized by my Pay-Sergeant ; the fellow deserted with £70 of the company's money, which of course I had to make good. Although I have had some experience both with French and German troops, I own that I am not quite positive as to the way in which the men are paid, but I look upon the English system as faulty in the extreme. I remember boarding, armed with a search warrant, all the likeliest vessels then in harbour, and although we searched every nook and corner, my friend was not to be found. England and America vie with one another in giving refuge to their own and other nation's criminals. In the winter of 1843, I was in command of a detachment consisting of two companies at Paisley, and worked in all leisure time at my never-lost sight of task. During some part of it, a fire occurred in the town, for the barracks were at some distance out of it, the assistance of the Military being required, I brought the men down so quickly ("at the double"), that the Mayor expressed his thanks and astonishment at the rapidity of our being on the spot.

I had been in the early part of 1844 in constant correspondence with Prince Albert's Secretary, Mr. Anson. and towards the end of 1843, was obliged to go up to London respecting my father's affairs, for (as I have said), he had many years before mortgaged his estate,

and as I have made frequent allusion to the way in which he had lost his fortune, I may add more. He was never a man of business in any sense, though learned beyond most men, and better read in books than in men, affording thus a convenient tool in the hands of rogues and sharpers. Whether he would have been ultimately ruined, had he never associated himself with a bank, is now that more than sixty years have passed, very problematical, for the Eastern Counties Railway has swept the valley of the Stort, which was his chief property, and at this day, brings in next to nothing. It never brought in less than £4,000 a year, and one year as much as £7,000, but the days of water-carriage and inland navigation are comparatively gone. We can none of us look into futurity, but some will never live up to date, and so hold fast to ideas which time should have long shelved. Whilst on the subject of my father, I may add somewhat about my aunt, which also concerns him. She was his half sister, Lady Neale, who married Sir Harry Burrard, sometime towards the end of the last century, and was a great deal about the Princess Amelia, George III's. favourite daughter, as I have always heard. She may have been at one time her lady-in-waiting, though I have equal grounds for assigning the same position to the Duchess of Gloucester, but I have often heard say in speaking of Court matters, that some of the Royal Princesses said to her, "We like your brother very much, but he is very short;" they all, I believe, jokingly nicknamed her "Lady Niggleton." My father was a very learned man (as I have said), had Greek at his finger ends, a

language which I myself have completely forgotten, and never kept up. He was unequalled as a French and German scholar, and as a layman was unsurpassed in his knowledge of Divinity ; but he was very antagonistic to Romanists, and in his very latest years, had much to say to and correspond with Dr. Cumming ; nothing pleased him more than to write sermons for any of his younger acquaintances in the Church. A man of that sort was not a "man of business" ; on the contrary he was a "theorist" in every sense ; no wonder one may add "*Hinc illæ lacrymæ.*"

It was in consequence of having to go up to London, for I had a prior claim on some mortgaged property, that I took that opportunity of getting my friend Trotter to ask Lord Hardwicke, then a Lord-in-waiting to the Queen, to present me to Prince Albert. Lord Hardwicke and my friend had both married sisters, daughters of Lord Ravensworth, and in addition the former was acquainted with my father. So it was therefore, that having the MS. of my work in tolerably complete form, I went up to London, taking it with me, with the intention of asking H.R.H. the Prince to obtain for me a year's leave of absence in which to finish it, for no shorter time could have sufficed. There was considerable opposition to this, both on the part of the Horse Guards (or the Duke of Wellington), and the Colonel commanding the regiment, but Royal influence prevailed and I got my leave, but no doubt at the expense of an awkward mark against me by the Duke, who was as unforgetful as unforgiving. My interview with the Prince is worth noting. Lord Hardwicke, after a foot-

man had been summoned to carry up my three vols. of MS., took me to the Prince's rooms ; he pointed out *en attendant* the beautiful things it contained, and soon after the Prince entered, and Lord Hardwicke withdrew. I asked the Prince obligingly to name any particular word which might occur to him. This he did ; I turned to the word, and the Prince seem gratified. I again requested H.R.H. to fix upon some other expression, and the same result ensued, and I think that in this way four or five terms were at once satisfactorily seen ; H.R.H. then retired, saying he would do what he could. I was in uniform, and Lord Hardwicke told me that he was very glad that I had chosen that mode of appearing before the Prince. My leave of absence at length arrived, the Commander-in-Chief remarking that he approved of every step which had been taken by the Colonel of the regiment, which was tacitly tantamount to an adverse reflection on myself, and a censure which settled my military prospects.

I was then to be found again at Woolwich, for words make words, and investigations queries. It was here before starting for Berlin that I got the last letter I ever had from my poor mother ; she was overjoyed at my success, but predicted that it would bring a "hornets' nest about me," and the sequel will show the truth of that prediction. She died that same year under distressing circumstances ; a wonderfully energetic woman, she was bent often upon impossibilities, was taken dangerously ill whilst prosecuting enquiries upon one of these occasions, was mismanaged, and died among strangers at a distance from her family. She had been searching

for "*el dorado*"; prosecuting enquiries for what had no existence in fact.

Although I could not at that time look into futurity more than any other, subsequent events show that I had now virtually left the 87th, for I never joined it again, and above all I was committed to carry out what I had undertaken at all costs. I shall therefore forestall events by taking leave of it, eighteen months sooner than happened in reality, and set down all that I can further recollect in connection with it.

As men die off, and many things relating to some are left unnoticed, for tradition will not convince all, I should be negligent in my record of facts, were I to close my reminiscences of the 87th, without giving the following particulars. When I joined that regiment's depôt in Dublin, it was stationed after a while at the Pigeon House Fort, and there for a short time was one of the only three survivors of Barossa, then Brevet Major Moore, who was at the time seeking to retire on full pay, which he not only deserved, but very much more; the other survivors being the late Lord Gough, and Quarter-Master Carr. Like all brave men who have faced the enemy and danger, Moore was a quiet unassuming man, and was old enough to have been the father or more of any of the youngsters about him. He had been Adjutant of the battalion of the 87th which was on service in Spain, and when the men were advancing on the French at Barossa, who would then appear to have been in position, and received the attack, he in that capacity rode up to Lord Gough (then Major Gough), and told him "the rear rank were

in front." To this Gough replied, "I don't care a d—, the rear rank are as well able to fight as the front rank." Here was a thorough-paced practical soldier, evincing a trait worthy of all remembrance, for rather than go through the useless time of counter-marching the ranks, so proper on parade, he let fly the dogs of war on the enemy at once without further ado. No wonder such a man was in after days victorious at Sobraon, Chillianwallah, and I know not where else, and I think that it may be said, without fear of denial, that when Lord Gough died, no officer or soldier of any nation on earth had seen so much fighting. He had been through the whole of the Peninsular War, and in some engagements preceding it ; he won, I cannot enumerate the number, victory upon victory over the Sikhs, which annexed the Punjaub to the British Empire, and then closed his career in China. I wonder whether there is a sort of red-tape scale by which the English Government is influenced in dealing out its rewards ; I should be disposed so to conclude, seeing that for his splendid services this man was only created a Viscount. Moore, poor old fellow, may have got his petition for full-pay retirement granted, but I cannot say ; he assuredly never got more. When Lord Gough was sent out to India, being then Sir Hugh Gough, he landed at the Mauritius, where his old regiment was stationed, but whether the vessel purposely made that island or not, I never heard, for it lies out of the direct track. It looks very much as though it had not been accidental, for he found one of the three survivors of Barossa still at his post, Quarter-Master Carr and his wife, whom the

latter had, one may almost say, married on the field of battle, for a dying comrade at that memorable action bequeathed her to him. Sir Hugh Gough at any rate, on his arrival at the Mauritius, was so overjoyed at seeing again this couple—for Mrs. Carr had washed for the regiment during the war—that he threw his arms round her neck, though she must have then been, what I remember her, a good stout old lady. Be all this as it may, the men of the 87th adored the man, and the Irish accentuation of “Sir Hugh,” runs still in my ears. Fine fellows before the enemy, but less reliable on their native bogs.

It had been the custom, partly in my time, but more so since, to promote from the ranks, and this is right enough no doubt, but the soldier so promoted finds himself very much out of his place. I have seen some dozen cases of promotion from the ranks, and I never knew any instance of the officer so promoted, who looked or felt at his ease, but one, and that one was Quarter-Master Carr above alluded to. I have thought that he appeared in those respects quite equal in look and manner to any who were at the same time dining with him at mess. I am speaking of what has come to my own knowledge, for many very dissimilar cases may and I believe have occurred, although the qualification, as it runs of “Officer and gentleman,” is not a natural though a desirable result ; the French or foreign soldier, however, so promoted, knows well how “to assume the manner if he has it not.” Those men in the British Army like General Sir John Floyd in the last century, and Sir John Elley, and others, who rose from the

ranks, were all gentlemen by birth, scamps no doubt, who like the first-named, have "run away from school" and enlisted as private soldiers. All honour, however, to both categories of military heroes, though the latter quoted were "to the manner bred."

The mention of Sir John Floyd, brings to my remembrance that in 1834 when I was about to exchange into the 15th Hussars, I rode down to Fulham to see my mother, and inform her of the fact. I found her enveloped with piles of parchment deeds, which she was overhauling, and on my naming to her the 15th, she exclaimed, "How very singular." I was then reminded of what I already knew, that Sir John Floyd had enlisted when a youngster at school, but till then I had not known the regiment, which appears to have been the 15th Dragoons, known at the time he so enlisted as Elliot's Light Horse. "Running away from school" seems to have been much more often practised a hundred years or more ago than now-a-days; things I suppose were then less pleasant at seminaries. Sir John Elley (I think) had enlisted into the Blues, and I remember him, a tall man, and Colonel of the 17th Lancers.

These digressions must be excused, but as words are the outcome of thought, one reminiscence calls up another, which is at once jotted down, whether much to the point or not. I was on my way to Berlin in 1844, after having been at Woolwich for technical researches in the artillery and engineer departments.

It was in an unaristocratic part of Berlin that I took up my quarters in the street called "Charité Strasse,"

close to some hospital. My rooms were over a restaurant, and wonderfully quiet considering the vicinity, but otherwise open and accessible to any one. I often think in looking back on the past, how I escaped being murdered or robbed, for I lived of course alone, and the Berlin *mauvais sujets* are wonderful adepts with the knife ; they manage, I have been told, to cut the panel of a door, and thus make easy entrance into any apartments. An Englishman is always identified with money, and the temptation to rob was at any rate a good one ; indeed, fearing this, after a time I borrowed a brace of pistols from an officer, and deemed myself safe enough. I remember, however, an occurrence which looked like some such catastrophe ; one night, very late, my front door-bell rang, and before opening I asked in German, "Who is there" ?—no answer ; the same question repeated, and with the same result—no answer. Upon this I unfastened the door, keeping a firm hold of it, and partly opened it, when a strong push was made, but I succeeded in re-bolting it at once. This was evident proof that someone at any rate wanted to make an entrance. A public staircase common to all, without a porter or *concierge*, enables anyone to enter a house without a question.

The autumnal reviews were then, as now, a source of infinite pleasure and attraction to a military man. I got myself sometimes mixed up with the "enemy" in a rather laughable way, but there was no taking of prisoners, therefore the thing ended in a joke. I remember being mounted on a horse, which had been a Hussar charger, and which I hired for the occasion ; Prince

Albrecht of Prussia sent word to me on the ground, before the manœuvres began, that I was to accompany him to some part of the field. He was a good rider and looked well on a horse, and being also well mounted probably on an English hunter, or an equally good Mecklenburg animal, went off full gallop to some cavalry brigade, drawn up at a distance. I could not help half laughing within myself at the way in which I followed him with his aide-de-camp at a suitable distance. I knew nothing of the horse I was riding, and went over all the rough and broken ground in the most unconcerned way, but I discovered for the first time that a bear-skin cap was not exactly the head-dress for that racing pace. After exchanging a few words with the officer commanding the body of cavalry, for its actual strength I did not ascertain, the Prince galloped off to another corps. All this must have been witnessed, and I fancy must have accounted for an officer riding up to me and saying that the King, who was sitting alone encircled by several general and staff officers, had commanded me into his presence. His Majesty asked me the number of my regiment, and put some other questions to me, which I now seem to have forgotten ; but I perfectly well remember the King's reply when I said that I hoped His Majesty would excuse the manner in which I had addressed him.—“Not at all,” he said, “You speak very good German, far better than most Englishmen.” [*“Sie sprechen sehr gut Deutsch, viel besser wie die meisten Engländer.”*] I then backed out of His Majesty's presence, and an aide-de-camp whom I knew very well, was most anxious to know “what the King had

said." I may here say that the officer now alluded to, then a Captain only, sent me his photograph twenty years afterwards, when I was living in Yorkshire, covered with decorations ; he had then been in all those campaigns in Holstein and other parts. I may, also, add that King Frederick William IV., some years later, conferred on me the Great Gold Medal of "*Science and Art*," for my Military Dictionary, which the Emperor of Austria had also done the year before ; the Prussian Official Gazette in announcing the bestowal of that honour, coupled with it the fact, that the work in question was "remarkable for its singular and faultless correctness and completeness" ; an announcement not usually made by a Government Gazette. He was son of that King of Prussia who suffered so much at the hands of the French, for which Prussia obtained its revenge at Sedan, though half a century and more later ; who, also, came over to England with other Crowned heads after Waterloo ; the same being grandson of Frederick the Great. I was asked on that occasion to luncheon ; the order coming from the Prince of Prussia to lunch at a farmhouse with others who were invited. I had an order, also, to dine that same day at the Palace of the Prince. Anyone who ever saw the Prince of Prussia (afterwards Emperor of Germany), with his military bearing, and affable mode of speaking, could not help being immensely taken with him. His Royal Highness said to me in German, "Did you have a good horse to-day?" and upon my answering in the affirmative, asked "Was it your own?"—I told the Prince that I had hired it only, at which he seemed astonished, but said no

more. This remark, it is true, like other observations I have here and there quoted, flattering though they be, almost seem to remind one from their brevity and stereotyped character of what George IV. said (or is recorded to have said) to the Irishman ; but there it is to be hoped, for the repose of one's soul, the analogy ends. Many there are who have spun yarns, and have had more talk with Princes, but I may be excused for thinking that Royalty (save in some cases) had not then made itself so cheap in different ways, as in later times. The bearing and soldier-like figure of the Prince of Prussia, as he marched past the King, his brother, at the head of the troops, and at considerable distance or space before the leading division, dropping his sword to the King in the way familiar to himself, was a thing not easy to forget. On this occasion and Court dinner, there was another English officer belonging to the 18th Royal Irish ; his name I never heard, but the Crown Princess (afterwards Empress Augusta), addressed herself to both of us. H.R.H. spoke remarkably good English with an unmistakably good accent, and was evidently very fond of displaying her knowledge of English. She told us her cousin was in the English Guards, meaning of course the Duke of Saxe Weimar. I heard her shortly afterwards speaking in French to some one, which she spoke quite as well as English.

I doubt whether Prussia looked then to what afterwards occurred. Moltke was only, I think, a Major ; Manteufel and some others distinguished in the subsequent wars Captains only, if I am not mistaken, for I left the English Army long before, and turned my back

on all things military. There certainly was always an unmistakable ill feeling towards Austria on the part of Prussia, and very much so towards some of the smaller German States. I was sitting next to an officer of the General Staff in that year or the following, at some Court entertainment, when he astonished me very much by calling my attention to two officers who seemed somewhat isolated, and were sitting together opposite, alluding to them in no very friendly way; they evidently from their uniform belonged to some minor State. This fact seems to point to the unceremonious way in which Prussia afterwards aggrandised herself, annexing Hanover, Hesse Cassel, etc. On that occasion I had, on the other side of me, Colonel Bentinck, in the Guards. I met him at Buckingham Palace, when I was going to lay the first portion of my work before Prince Albert. He gave me some good advice, which I followed.

The winter sets in early in Northern Germany and lasts long; even in April of 1845, when I went to England, the Elbe was full of ice; but the stoves heat the rooms so effectually that one never feels the cold until one goes out. I worked without intermission, I may say, day and night, and on two occasions was so engrossed in my undertaking, that I never went to bed at all. I had commenced printing my Dictionary at Berlin; the type and execution, as far as the printing was concerned, were faultless, but the total ignorance of English on the part of the compositors caused me an awful amount of trouble, especially in the "*division*" of words; they would divide such a word as "horse," and equally

short words ; in the end, however, I reprinted the entire volume in England.

When festivities were going on I invariably saw Humboldt, celebrated for his "Cosmos." He had been enobled by the late King, but had a retiring demeanour, and a little insignificant looking man, but was held in the highest and most deserved repute. I forget for what reason it was, but I called by appointment on General v. Boyen, the Commander-in-Chief, according to English parlance, (it is so long ago that I may not give the exact name). He acquiesced in whatever I had to bring before him, and I took care to wait upon him in uniform. The General asked me subsequently to dinner, a large official dinner, where were assembled most, if not all, those excellent officers who figured in the subsequent operations in which Prussia was engaged, including the Franco-German war. I did not receive much civility, save from the General himself, who had figured in the campaigns against Napoleon, for the English hold no very great place in the estimation of foreigners, save as good soldiers at close quarters ; their strategetical abilities being underrated. The Artillery officer, Captain Blume, in charge of the Artillery Workshops, became a close friend of mine, and I had to thank him for much that he did, never seeming bored by the innumerable references I made to him. He had been simply a gunner and driver at Quatre Bras, and the Waterloo campaign, but was also an excellent draftsman, which to my mind was not explainable. He was afterwards appointed to the War Office, and became a Major General, and I lost a great friend by his death. I can-

not avoid relating the following matter which occurred about this time. A ball was given at the Opera House for which purpose the whole pit or *parterre* was covered over with boarding, level with the stage. I had struck up a sort of slight bowing acquaintance with the Officer Commanding one of the Rifle Corps, and being at the ball, I begged to be introduced to his daughter, and asked her to dance, and for the next quadrille. On my coming up—being of course in uniform—she placed herself in a stooping position, so as to hide (so to say), or conceal herself behind a fine big young fellow in an Infantry uniform; he may have been her lover or her brother. She continued thus dodging about, showing that there could remain no doubt as to the motive, so of course I turned on my heel, and mixed with the crowd. I was angry, but at this distance of time I dare say it was only a girlish joke, which I was unable to understand.

Though I had been twelve months hard at work, I had been able to print no further than up to the end of letter F in the alphabet. This first instalment was put into circulation, and taken up as much as I could expect, and most favourably reviewed. It was in April of 1845 that I left for England to report progress so far to Prince Albert, and to ask for a further extension of six months leave of absence. Previous to my obtaining an audience of H.R.H. I had been to the Adjutant General, Sir John Macdonald, who gave me an awful setting down, and said that he “would oppose me as much as one officer could another.” No sooner had I left the Horse Guards than I went straight to Bucking-

ham Palace in order to wait upon the Prince. He read the Reviews in German, from beginning to end, asked me a few questions, and ended by saying that he would see what he could do in respect of obtaining six months further leave of absence. The Prince's wish was of course granted, and the leave obtained.

It happened now, that at my Club, in looking through the Army List, I accidentally saw that Sir Lionel Smith's aide-de-camp, whom I had known at the Mauritius, had become a Staff Officer of Pensioners, and was in charge of the London District. I determined before leaving again for Germany to call on him and his wife. The result of this visit was that a very short time afterwards I became engaged to Sir Lionel's second daughter, to whom I was married on the longest day of that year (June 21). Sir Lionel Smith, who was a G.C.B. and G.C.H., had acquired much military reputation in the Maratta war in conjunction with Sir Thomas Hislop. He had seen fighting and service elsewhere up the Persian Gulf, where he was wounded; but his chief abilities show as a Governor, and he was selected in 1835-6 by the Whig Government to carry out the Slave Emancipation question in Jamaica, of which he was then appointed Governor-General, being at the time in question in command and Governor of the Leeward Islands; thus if for no other reason, I was much pleased to marry the daughter of an officer so distinguished. At that very time also my wife's uncle, Sir H. Pottinger, had acquired a great name in China, which added to the matter.

After spending our honeymoon at Paris, we left at

once for Germany, viâ Hamburg, but before going to Berlin, I thought a little relaxation would do no harm, so I determined on showing my wife the "Saxon Switzerland" near Dresden. All this was thoroughly enjoyed, especially at a season too early for general tourists or the British snob. She was a capital walker, and we traversed that lovely district on foot, so what with sketching, being an excellent drafts-woman, and other opportunities, we passed to my remembrance, a most enjoyable time, and so visiting Lillienstein and Königstein, that virgin-fortress, we came to Dresden, and thence by rail to Berlin.

I never thought that my six months leave would suffice, but I had determined, rather than abandon my project, or have it said that I could not finish what I had begun, to go eventually on half-pay. By so doing, I relinquished of course my regimental position in the 87th, and virtually sealed my doom, so far as any rank went.

For the coming winter I hired a flat in the Dorotheen Strasse, for which I paid more than in the best part of London. Very good horses could be hired, and we rode a great deal, generally in the direction of the Artillery practice ground, a few miles off; and mounted in that way, witnessed on one occasion, a march past of the Berlin garrison before the King. I had dined some months before at the British Embassy, and knew Lady Westmorland, who now presented my wife at Court.

It must have been either in 1844 or 1845 that the Prussians were loud in demanding a Constitution, though their Representative Assembly was a thing of

much later growth. One of the class likely to know, used to say that the idea found little favour with Frederick William IV., who is reported to have said of these his subjects in question "*Sie sind noch nicht reif.*"

In this way things went on till March 1846, when I took up my abode in the Links Strasse outside one of the Berlin Gates. By this time, also, I had gone on half-pay, and by the spring of 1847 I had exhausted all that my German sejour could perform, and went direct to Brussels. I had never been satisfied with the grammatical correctness of the French portion of my Work, and determined that nothing should ever be laid to my charge in that respect. It was there that I waited on the Governor or officer directing the Military Academy. He at once fell in with my request, which was to appoint some competent Engineer or Artillery Officer to visit me daily for a fixed remuneration, and go through the whole work with me. I believe this officer thoroughly enjoyed the task, and daily visited my quarters in the Rue Royale for three months. Little else of note occurred during our stay at Brussels; an occasional ride on two very great "screws," and a visit to the Theatre were about all that took place. I saw here on that occasion, Wm. Drury, ci-devant Assistant-Master at Harrow, looking as fat and comfortable as usual, for by some interest he had long been appointed English Chaplain either to the Embassy, or the King. The Military Dictionary, as far as the German, French, and English part went, was now complete, and I determined upon re-printing what had already been issued, and entrusting the further printing of it to a London firm. We

passed the winter of 1847 at Dolgelly in Wales, and in three months I had corrected the Press, and my labours so far were over. In 1848 I left for Scotland, renting a house close to the coast in Argyleshire, near Campbeltown. The different operations under Lord Gough in India, made me long to be employed on active service, but my wife ruled it otherwise, and preferred that I should be occupied in shooting grouse. Whilst in Wales I had rented a moor, and the same was the case now. I had some good dogs which I bought of Sir Robert Vaughan's keeper at Hengwrt, and in that way things went on in the sporting line till the Autumn of that year, when I was placed on full pay, and appointed to the Reserve Battalion of the 69th regiment at Malta, a great come down, no doubt, to find oneself at the bottom of the Captains ; indeed it proved enough, and went far to disgust me with the military service. My Dictionary had done me more harm than good as an English Officer ; the Quarter-Master General Sir Wilmoughby Gordon, then at the Horse Guards, wrote me, it is true a most flattering letter, and so did Sir George Murray, with two or three of the best then existing old Peninsular Officers, but it was clear that the Authorities could not appreciate what they did not understand, either French or German, and though I had undertaken the task with a view to my own advancement, and the benefit of the service, I got neither that, nor even thanks. They might have thought that my work was of more use to the foreigner than to the English Officer ; but were that so, the same might be said of every Dictionary, nevertheless it showed a littleness and narrow-mindedness not much to the credit of a great country.

Whilst I was at Ballyshear, in Scotland, I was appointed, as I have said, to the 69th, and ordered to take out a strong detachment of troops as reliefs to different Mediterranean garrisons. It was about November or December of 1848, that I left Newport (or rather Cowes) in command of these drafts, on board the Catherine Stuart Forbes. I had virtually left the service when I quitted the 87th at Glasgow in 1844, but I was astonished to see how lax and altered discipline had become in those four years ; I saw at once that the men would give me some trouble. There were about 250 men on board, two Captains (of which I was the senior), three Subalterns, and an Army Surgeon. The passage was unusually stormy ; the ordinary routine of duty on board-ship was carried out well enough, but some of the men became very noisy, and I thought mutinous, and as there were sufficient officers on board, I determined to bring two of them to a Court-martial ; the men were sentenced to be flogged, and I confirmed that sentence. But now occurred an unforeseen dilemma ; the Sergeant who was acting as Sergeant-Major on board, told me privately there were no "cats," so I at once saw that I had nothing to do but to make a virtue of necessity. I ordered the Sergeant-Major on no account to divulge this fact, or in any way to make it known, so the troops being ordered to parade on the quarter-deck, and the proceedings of the court-martial duly read, I ordered the first man "to strip," and he was accordingly tied up, and as they were all more or less young soldiers, what ensued had a salutary effect. I addressed the men in becoming terms on the subject

of discipline, and how these men were sentenced to be flogged for insubordinate conduct ; I had no wish to carry out the sentence, but they would know the penalty in case of any future misconduct in that way ; the man was taken down, and the Parade dismissed. The Skipper who had been looking on at the proceedings from the poop above all the time, said to me, as soon as the deck was clear, " Captain, that was the best done thing I ever saw in my life." We had a terribly rough passage in the Mediterranean, but arrived in due course at Malta. I had left the men in charge of Captain Abbot, and said that no one was to leave the vessel until I returned, having to go ashore to report my arrival to the Town-Major. I was very much astonished to find on my way back to the ship, one of the Subalterns just landed on the steps, highly got up, who had never done a stroke of duty the whole passage, and had been returned as on the Sick List. I ordered that young gentleman to be placed at once under arrest, and in that way to join his regiment at Corfu. The Colonel of his regiment afterwards wrote to me, saying that he had released him, but that it would do him a great deal of good.

The disgust at the way in which my labours had been overlooked at the Horse Guards ; the fact, also, of having to mount the Main Guard at Malta after having been Captain of the Day, and doing Field Officer's duty at the Mauritius ; and not the least, finding myself at the bottom of ten Captains, proved a complete damper to all military ardour. Colonel Coote, who was in command of the Reserve Battalion, gave me leave, after a

short time, to return to England, with a view to again going on half-pay. He was a very good officer, and afterwards exchanged into the 18th Royal Irish, and I think was killed in some action in command of that regiment.

The steamer by which I left Malta in the early part of 1849, landed us at Naples, and being in March, my wife and I had the hotel entirely to ourselves. Pompeii can never be seen too often, and all the surroundings of Naples are full of interest, so the fortnight passed there makes one regret the inability to renew a similar visit. On this head very much ought to be said, but the route from Malta to England, by which soever way you journey, has been so hackneyed in Guide Books and Travels, that nothing new can be said. Although a fortnight's stay was made at Naples, a very much longer time would not have sufficed to thoroughly work out and visit all its historic sources of interest. The Roman amphitheatres and many similar monuments of antiquity, are evidence of a wonderful and far-advanced people, in a direction also to which Europe of this and subsequent intermediate centuries can lay no claim. Later ages have not attained to the same perfection, neither do I believe that were a repetition of the so-called "dark ages" to take place, to the overthrow of all present structures and inventions, any instances or examples either of modern science, ingenuity, or structural erection would anywhere remain equal in grandeur to those of Ancient Rome, or capable of pointing to a nation of like greatness. We have, it is true, Electricity and Steam, both marvellous discoveries, Gunpowder,

Dynamite, and other explosives ; but these and all that derives from such modern discoveries would vanish like smoke away, and form no lasting memorial of bygone superiority ; they have not the elements of duration, for the same casualty or power which led to their invention might lead to their annihilation. Though all is destined to pass away, such scientific results are palpably less enduring than those monuments of antiquity, which have survived the ordeal of barbarism and the dark ages, or if ever lost to the world, would enable posterity to look back upon an equally great race of men. The present generation, indeed, is very far from having attained the universal perfection to which it aspires ; if scientific discoveries be omitted in the comparison, those monuments of antiquity have nothing comparable with themselves in any civilized part of the world. As observed, every modern undertaking is more perishable, and would leave no token to posterity of vastness or grandeur. To descend to the commonest of things, the very ink with which men now write has no permanency ; and what social evils may we not bewail in addition in token of inferiority ? Communism and Anarchy are at the root of society, and if one excepts the results of Steam or Electricity, the present world has not much of which to be proud. To put the inferiority in another point of view, the superior advantages to which mankind ought to have attained by the enlightenment of the Gospel, have not been truly and effectually realised ; they are considered of secondary moment, because men love the pleasures of the world, and prefer darkness to light. Religion has no existence

in fact ; if it can be found, I should like to know where ? save within the breast of the comparatively few. Mockery is not religion, neither what is akin to it, the celebration of sensational rites. The Ancients had not the advantage or blessing of Christianity ; how much more then ought the present world to exceed and surpass them in this as well as in every other respect ? The inference from these and such like reflections is, that not only are the children of the present time not wiser, but less wise in their generation than the children of the past, and are far from being their equals in matters of endurance or permanent stability. We are able to value the one by a fixed and tested standard of excellence ; the other fixes its own value on a faulty standard of its own creation.

The vessel to Marseilles touched at Genoa, and was boarded by an insufferable number of Italians anxious to make themselves "scarce," for the place had followed the example of the revolutionary *émeutes* going on at that period. We had landed ostensibly for breakfast, which in fact we got at some hotel, such as it was, for the whole city was in a state of riotous confusion ; we found the stones of the principal streets had all been taken up to form barricades. Upon the whole I was glad to have seen something of which I had only heard by name. A carriage was on the deck of the steamer, and I found the occupant to be the late Lord Gosford, whom I knew. He had adopted thus the wisest course, for the deck was swarming with *émigrés*.

From 1849, in the summer of which I went to Brighton, until 1855, my chief occupation was shooting, for I had virtually left the Army, living in Scotland

and Ireland. In the latter I rented a large tract of country in Donegal, belonging to Sir Charles Style, not getting off without a threat to be murdered. During this time, and a temporary stay near Lymington, I renewed my acquaintance with an old Oxford friend, Lord Norbury, and became acquainted, also, with the late Lady Hastings. I unfolded to her all my appointments and disappointments, and she got Lord Hardinge, then Commander-in-Chief, to nominate me to the German Legion, then in course of being embodied, towards the end of the war. I have omitted to say that when the Crimean War was on the eve of breaking out, I applied for employment, and to be appointed to some regiment then under orders to form part of the force. Sir Richard Airey was then Military Secretary, and to his hostility, but principally to that of the Duke of Wellington, I was brought again on full pay, but, who would believe it? I was posted as a Brevet-Major to the 4th West India Regiment! This was more than I could stand, and I resigned my commission.

It was thus (as observed), that in 1855 I was nominated Major in one of the two battalions then at Shorncliffe, through the interest of Lady Hastings, but I had stipulated that I should not serve under an officer junior to myself in the service. Accordingly I got all that was requisite, the uniform, the horse, &c., and reported myself to the Officer Commanding the battalion at that station. I totally forget his name, but I know that finding him very much junior to myself, a point on which I had insisted, and was agreed to, I resigned the commission, and from that day to this have turned my

back on the Service, and all things military. Up to that time I had kept myself constantly employed at intervals, in reworking the English part of the Technological Dictionary ; it is still indeed in MS. ; but who would wish to continue such a task on such terms ?

It was in 1850 that the Emperor of Austria sent me his Gold Medal of "*Science*," in recognition of the Work, which his Ambassador in England, Baron Koller, had brought to his notice, but without my knowledge. The same year Baron Bunsen forwarded to me from the King of Prussia, the Great Gold Medal of "*Science and Art*" ; and this was followed by the French Emperor's Gold Medal. I sent all these medals to the British Museum, and they were accepted on the implicit understanding that they were to be exhibited *i.e.*, open to the public. It seems one of the attributes of some Governments, to break faith whenever so disposed, for this stipulation was for a time carried out, but I discovered afterwards from a personal attendance, that they were under lock and key, and nowhere to be seen. I remonstrated, and I believe the Trustees ordered their re-appearance.

To prove the utility of my Dictionary I used to see in the Reports from Military Correspondents with the Armies in the field, constant use of my terms, and this continued during the whole Franco-German War. The importance of the Work seems to have been recognised by all, excepting by those from whom it ought to have had its chief recognition. A paragraph appeared in the "*Naval and Military Gazette*" sometime in April or May of 1856, in which, in an Article on the fortress of

Kars, and how the Authorities never promoted the study of Foreign languages, my name was thus brought in—"The best linguist in the whole British Army" has been refused employment over and over again; when did our Authorities ever promote the knowledge and study of modern languages"? But to give all their due, the Duke of Wellington, who hated any man who ever took a pen in hand, had undoubtedly placed his own mark against my name, for after four years absence in Ireland, I casually took up an Army List, and found it with an Old English "W," just as if I had served at Waterloo. The blundering clerk had here "let the cat out of the bag;" there was "Wellington" safe enough. But I have so long bid adieu to the Service, and turned my thoughts into another channel, in which I have, thanks to others, completely succeeded, that the manner in which I was treated, and the "littleness" of which "great" men can be found capable, gives me no concern whatever. The Government under Lord Salisbury, bestowed on me a grant of £200 in 1890, for work done forty-eight years before!—about a third of the sum which the same cost to print. Being a "poor Devil" I took it, though many another would have declined it with becoming thanks.

For my appointment to the above-named German Legion I had, I may say, entirely to thank the late Lady Hastings, a warm-hearted woman, whose acquaintance I had then made quite within recent years, when living near Lymington. She had known my old friend Cecil

* Major George Floyd Duckett.

Turnor, in Leicestershire, when her husband had been Master of the Quorn, and being a Peeress in her own right as Baroness Grey de Ruthin, she made matters easy with Lord Hardinge, and so overcame the Duke's said "scratching." The German Legion of two battalions was placed under the command of Baron Stutterheim, a German officer, and I was appointed Major of the 1st or 2nd battalion, I forget which, as I never did a day's duty with the corps, for I found on reporting myself at Shorncliffe, that what I had stipulated had been ignored, so I at once sent in my resignation. This step, on reflection, I regretted, and sought to recall, but I had now to deal with underlings, a class I have abhorred through life; hence my experience of that most heterogeneous embodiment of every imaginable foreigner, was short lived. The underling was here quite unmistakable, and I could put my finger on him, if brought back to life, or now even, if not yet united with the majority. When I told all that had happened to Lady Hastings, she said "Beggars must not be choosers." This in one way was true enough, but I answered—"I am not quite such a beggar as that."

On the subject of understrappers, underlings, *et hoc genus omne*, by whatever other designation familiar, I have somewhat to observe. In my earliest days, when I had to retrieve my lost estates, if not almost my position, I was baffled at every turn by the heartless and self-sufficient demeanour of these gentry; their consequential form, their palpable ignorance in most instances, made me sometimes nearly frantic. I believe it was these "whips and scorns of time" and "insolence

of office" which, acting on the blue blood of a gentleman, first made me take up the elucidation of the Wyndesore and Duket descent. To have to eat dirt and humble pie at the hands of many, whose not remote predecessors were breaking stones on a road, or following the plough, when my own had been sitting in Parliament for two centuries, and even up to the time of Henry IV., was not to be endured, and I resolved, if anything were ever to be obtained, to go to the fountain head. Still this is not always feasible, for like Royalty, Secretaries of State are hedged in by officials, but as I have said, I knocked them aside whenever I had the chance. This occurred on one remarkable occasion, and tends to illustrate the matter. I had casually to go to the Horse Guards about some matter which I entirely forget, though it was of consequence I well remember, and my solicitations were met in the usual red-tape and consequential manner. I went thereupon, straight from that part of the building to the department then not far distant, the War Office, requested to see Fox Maule (Lord Panmure), laid my complaint before him, whatever it was, and secured the point at once. He rang a bell, ordered such paper or document to be forthcoming, and gave the required order. I have followed this course through life, and I can recall at least six or seven cases of turning the flank of that odious set. It wants a certain amount of pluck, but as the Page is told in the "Hunchback," never to say "fail," so I took a wrinkle out of the same injunction.—"Never say fail again, boy; in the whole volume of youth, which presages a bright future, there's no such word as "fail." I have

relieved my mind of this long-felt incubus, and give my experience, with warning advice to those who wish to "get on" in the race of life :—Make use of them as far as they will let you ; but throw them over the first opportunity. They only cringe to you in prosperity, and cut you in adversity.—"Whip me such honest knaves," says our old friend Shakespeare, and I quite agree. Nevertheless, I came across other instances, who, though no underlings, had all the same attributes of the sort here bewailed.

During my life I have been brought into contact with many men, some keeping up their position, and passing the even tenour of their way in their respective localities. I never met with any single instance of want of cordiality, save in one *parvenu* lord, or at most two cases, and there I had evidence of the adage, "What is bred in the bone will come out in the flesh," or of that which my dear old friend, Charles Barham, used to designate as evidence of the "Cart-horse somewhere." The man so raised to the peerage, is often one whose immediate or not remote ancestor has been ennobled in the usual way, viz : as one from the bench, to which his wits and not his birth got him ; as another from success in the Army or Navy, and especially another who has gained his money by trade, or by the liquor poured down his fellow-creatures' throats. These men's ancestors were probably following the same employment, as those of the official underlings complained of. They say it only takes three generations to make a "gentleman" ; the sort of men I allude to could claim no more, if so many, either to get ennobled, or still fewer to see their

names in Burke's Landed Gentry. Such men give no one much concern, either in the case of the parvenu lord, of late years on the increase, or the millionaire's heir apparent, nevertheless both in their way are equally disgusting, examples of a class so common in this country. Although I have generalized the genus *parvenu*, I had two men especially in my mind whilst so doing, both glaring instances of the type. I wonder Royalty can endure to have any such upstart snob about it.

Subordinates in office assume all the importance of their position with additional airs of their own. I have generally done my best to avoid them (as observed), but that has not been easy, or in fact possible. The last experience I had of that class was in two instances, about the time I was appointed Major of one of the two battalions of the German Legion, towards the close of the Crimean War; I have alluded to one, and will presently close with the other. If all Services are as hateful as our own used to be on that score, there can be no exception to the rule. I presume the bearing and importance of which I complain is universal, and a failing of human nature, but it is simply monstrous to recollect how important matters were sometimes conducted, and (perhaps still are) by such a set of incompetent boobies. I have had evidence of this over and over again.

But there is a second or third class of this order, the gentleman's gentleman, powdered or not, as the case may be. If you call at the house of a man of consequence, and the flunkey does not know you, the airs the fellow gives himself are wonderful; it would not do that his lordship's menial should be too condescending.

The other occasion, and the last, was when Lord Hardinge was at the Horse Guards. His Military Secretary might to a certain extent be considered an anomaly, being a Naval Officer, and I waited on him on some matter which has escaped my memory. Whilst I was on some landing place, not having entered the apartment used for such business-like purposes, I heard these words—"He has not got the old father with him to-day," and immediately afterwards, Captain Fitzroy, R.N. (to whom, by-the-bye, I had had an introduction from a relative of his own), made his appearance. Though as a matter of course, I naturally received nothing favourable towards my object, whatever it was, I distinctly discovered the way in which the wind blew, and how my father, up to within a short time of his death, had unknown to me, been eating dirt and insolence at the hands of Jacks in office. The words, unmistakably heard by me, (which it might have been more dignified to have omitted), conveyed more, for they came from some empty-headed official who had got up his lesson, right or wrong, like the rest, for as a matter of fact, I never was within the gates of the Horse Guards, with my father, on any business whatever.

I have troubled the reader, citing my own experience as an example ; but in so doing I hope the same may prove, if a source of amazement to one, a caution against these practices to another.

1856—1894.

THE first half of my existence, belonging to the first half of this century, has been sufficiently eventful, and though called upon to record what I can call to mind, my memory has been somewhat taxed to carry out this measure, so that I have no doubt much more might have been added thereto ; the two callings, however, which I embraced, the one in the first half, purely Military, and the other to a great extent Literary, in the following half of it, are so diametrically opposite to one another, that little or no affinity exists between them.

Notwithstanding, there are some perhaps, who may wish to read to the end of the chapter, now that the curtain has dropped on the first Episodes of my life, and know the end of a less eventful period, still when again lifted, it will tend to show that the last stage of that man was better than the first, as far as human foresight can go, being yet alive. Under any circumstances, the memorials of bygone days, and occurrences such as I have to relate, would have need of the separate place which I now give them, if only for the sake of classification.

The result of my experience has been that there are some men who see and do more in two years, than others contrive to effect during their whole life ; but there are some, on the other hand, so original, inconsistent, or varied that they seem to be, not one, but all

mankind's epitome." Putting aside, however, the egotism of autobiography (which has been over and over again lamented in these pages), in which of these two categories some might care to place me, or perhaps in neither, I may say it has thus been with me in life, for I have had "a dozen irons in the fire" at one time, and it would be difficult to say which of the trades I took up I mastered or not. Most of my military career is detailed in the preceding pages ; my literary career, though ranging only over some five and twenty or thirty years, has been followed by a sufficiently satisfactory result ; but whether literary or military, I have turned my attention to endless other labours, like my first cousin, the late Thomas Berney of Morton ; I have been a Mechanic, Carpenter, etc., but not equal to him ; I have been an indefatigable sportsman and a good shot ; I have been an equally ardent follower of foxhounds, whenever I could afford to enjoy that splendid and manly pursuit ; in fact I may close the list by saying that I have had a hand in almost every occupation, and wind up the list or sum total, by repeating what I said in the presence of my father, to the schoolmistress of the first school I went to. Being apparently unable to endure her interrogations as to the number and nature of diseases I had survived at that early age, "My dear, what other complaints have you had?" "Madam," said I (or should have said), "I have had every disease but one."

Having in 1856 virtually bid adieu to all things military, without either sorrow or remorse, an entire change "came o'er the spirit of my dream" ; I devoted myself

to other pursuits, not like a man of my acquaintance, who from force of circumstances having left the Army, could not endure to hear the "drums and fifes" of a regiment, without being overcome and prostrate, my whole thoughts were now bent on "Archæology, Historical, Antiquarian, and Monastic Researches," as indeed they had long been in Genealogical Records. I had never during my whole service in the Army, thoroughly lost my original and naturally studious inclinations; every succeeding day made me now forget my former calling, which that profession had, happily, in no way tended to quench, but rather to augment; hence the first idea of compiling a Military Technological Dictionary.

It is not easy to forget one's first love, (neither pleasant to be one's own trumpeter), but I had the "*mens conscia recti*," and cared as little for what I had given up, as did that jolly fellow, Colonel Johnstone, for his frail and run-away spouse. I went back, if I may so say, to first principles, and my original literary turn, and the occupation of Lexography, under every clime, kept me in constant touch with literary subjects. Having thus taken up traditional and historical literature, I was brought again face to face with Latin, which I had shelved on going to Oxford, but though it was in most respects of the "mongrel" or "dog-latin" kind, and so far resembling medical prescriptions, still it was grammatically the same as classical Latin. It came fully back to me by degrees, and quite so after I had concluded the Genealogical History of my family at the Bodleian, some years afterwards in 1870. It enabled me in suc-

ceeding years to edit and carry out through the Press many volumes of important Records. If through the injustice and narrow-mindedness of the Military Service, I had failed to acquire reputation as a soldier "at the cannon's mouth," I became then bent on achieving honour in a different sphere, and the adoption of that course has been followed by advantages more enduring, for like "Virtue, it has had its own reward." Up to 1894, when I write these words, I have laboured for five and twenty years in one direction, and if a man cannot master his profession or trade, whatever it may be, in five and twenty or thirty years, that man must be unfit for any profession; but in this case, *Honours* in the end have not been wanting. Such a mode of life has brought me, on the eve of that life, equally in contact with subjects more serious and more important for another or future existence; yet, as among my multifarious trades I do not include in any respect that of a parson, on this head I need say no more, for such subjects speak for themselves.

After the foregoing remarks, I take up as much of the second unrelated portion of my *Reminiscences*, as seems desirable to publish, for I have eaten a good deal of dirt in life, much of it spontaneously and much in ignorance, though not "all at one meal," as some one said to the waiter.

But one word I think necessary to add, in elucidation of my literary undertakings in Monastic and Archæological History. As one thing often leads to another, so a controversial point led me quite accidentally, without any previous intention, into another field

of the same subject, and opened up a mine which had remained till then unworked by any, and that mine was the History of the celebrated Order of Cluny, and its subordinate foundations in Europe.

In 1856, whilst I was living in Ireland, and renting Lough McRory, in Tyrone, my father died, an event quite unexpected by me, for as his father had lived to ninety-eight, I presaged for him an equally long life. From that time till 1870, I did nothing very worthy of note, as the following entries will show, passing my time in comparative ease and pleasure, save on the score of a certain lack of money. From 1832 to the day of his death, my father had been in constant straightened circumstances, neither, unfortunately, did the fact of his having re-married a woman of means, much improve that matter.

But this seems an appropriate opportunity to refer both to him, and to his father, before dealing with other incidents, which occurred partly before his death, and partly during the last forty years. I give them not altogether in order of date, but as they come before me.

My grandfather, though of good lineage, made his own fortune in life, to which his family connections in Yorkshire no doubt somewhat contributed. Like many other men of good birth and parentage, he kept little record relating to his forefathers, but I have heard my father say (who was somewhat in the same line), "my Aunt Dorothy was very proud of her family," and that referred as much to the Jacksons of Richmond and Ellerton Abbey, as to the Wards of Gisborough.

A few months after my father's death, I went to pass the Christmas with our cousins, the Berneys, in Norfolk ;

I had till then been living in Ireland, and drove the whole way from Whitehaven to Norwich. Although "Reminiscences" are not to be mixed up with Genealogy as a rule, I may as well note the following matters. Two daughters of my grandfather, by his first wife, had married two Norfolk squires, named Berney and Longe. He used to say that he had three clever people in his family, Thomas Berney, his grandson ; my own father ; and his nephew, William Ward Jackson, of Normamby ; but that the first-named was "the cleverest." Practically he was right, for in a lower sphere of life, his inventive turn of mind would have had more chance of display, and have brought "more grist to the mill." He invented I know not what ; amongst other things, "*Ely's Cartridge*," well-known to sportsmen in former times, for which Ely—I forget whether or not he was a gunsmith—got the credit and the gain ; in fact, his gun-room was like a turner's or carpenter's workshop. He also invented the "*Kite*," which on this occasion of my visit, I saw used. The effect of this last is two-fold ; the birds awfully alarmed, lie close to the ground, but then again are so terribly frightened when they rise, that unless one has a large tract of country, they go right off the ground. A wonderful shot with his single-barrelled gun, (though I once "wiped his eye" at a rabbit), he used to say of the pheasants—"That he always gave them an invitation to dinner, which they seldom refused." His foresight in respect of Steam, long before its application as a marine propelling power, was remarkably foretold for the future of our then Navy ; and, though long to enter into, he certainly predicted the discovery of Electricity. I believe that he invented the mill which

threw up the water to his house at Morton. My grandfather's other daughter, and my half-aunt, who married Longe of Spixworth, had no children ; she was a singularly handsome woman, and the well-known poetess, Mrs. Opie, of historic name, and wife of the equally celebrated painter, wrote the following lines on the occasion of introducing a niece at her first Norwich ball. The lines are telling, and coming from Mrs. Opie, are well worthy of record. I have written a History of my family, where the lines, which run as follow, and more about Mrs. Longe may be found :—

LINES BY MRS. OPIE, UPON SEEING MRS. LONGE OF
 SPIXWORTH IN NORFOLK, INTRODUCE HER NIECE,
 MISS STIRLING, AT A NORWICH BALL.

See beauteous *Longe* with every grace
 Matured, but not impaired by time,
 Lead in with slow majestic pace,
Stirling, in beauty's opening prime.

Yet mark the difference that exists between
 These charmers of the gazing throng,
 The one, has *long* a *sterling* beauty been,
 The other surely can't be *Stirling long* ?

A *sterling* beauty, *Longe*, we're told,
 Shone forth the Meteor of the place,
 As if again renewed—Behold !
Longe still displays a *sterling* grace.

No more then deal in empty rhyme,
 Ye Beaux of these degenerate days,
 But mark ! the gallantry of Time,
 Who rests upon his Scythe to gaze.

And Oh ye fair ! no more with tears,
 Lament your beauty must decay,
 Since *sterling* charms of other years,
 Are *sterling* at the present day.

She was far past her earlier looks, (having been married before my father was born), indeed pretty old when I last saw her, which must have been in 1824, a year or two before I went to Germany, and about the same before her death. Notwithstanding the truth of Mrs. Opie's lines, the amorous ensnaring ways of Queen Dido, and the captivating beauty of Mary Queen of Scots, all ages have their own fashions, graces, and standard of beauty, indeed some have seen the latter "in a brow of Africa." She was chiefly mixed up in my early mind with something she had done, ages before, to a valuable tea-caddy, the account of which is historic and remarkable. Some time during the last century, the noted mulberry tree, which was planted by Shakespeare, was cut down, for the owner of the property voted it a perfect nuisance to have his grounds constantly trespassed upon by pilgrims to that shrine. It so happened that a gentleman named Smith, a Lieutenant in the Navy, to whom my grandfather, when Secretary to the Admiralty, had been of service, and lived at Stratford-on-Avon, at once secured two blocks of the said mulberry tree so cut down, and presented them to my grandfather. He had them both made into tea-caddies, most elaborately carved, one of which I sold some time back, and the other I disposed of in the same way, and is now in possession of the Berneys. This last is the one in question, for it had a medallion of Shakespeare on the lid, and was used at one time by Mrs. Longe as a footstool, and in that way injured, especially in reducing the proportions of Shakespeare's nose; a crime which she could never atone for. Apropos of footstools, it

strikes me now very forcibly, that they were the necessary adjuncts of the old straight high-back chair ; they did not go out with them, still they are not very common now, but Mrs. Longe always gave me the idea of a woman who had been drilled to sit bolt upright ; lolling about as the pretty ladies of the present race do, not being deemed at all *comme-il-faut* in her day. Nevertheless, lolling about, or bolt upright, the women were no better then than they are now, as Göthe says, "*Wenn ich nur halb ein Kenner bin.*"

The remark made a few lines back as to cleverness, could only have applied to *practical* scientific ability, for my father was overflowing with learning, but he was a *theorist*, than which nothing more dangerous or fallacious. As a classical scholar he might have had his equal, but as a modern linguist he was unsurpassed, and shared that power with no one.

My grandfather died in 1822, and some matters relating to his further history are noteworthy. Born in 1725, he appears to have entered some Government department under the auspices of Lord Milton, but must have early gone to the Admiralty, for having married his cousin sometime about 1746, I find that Commissioner Osborn of the Chicksands family in Beds, was godfather to his first child ; a pretty good proof that he was then at the Admiralty. She was Mary Ward, and granddaughter of Sir Francis Vincent, of Stoke d'Abernon, in Surrey ; and an old family Bible gives the dates of his three daughters' births, and the names of their godfathers and godmothers, most of them belonging to the Vincent family. He rose to be Secretary of the Admir-

alty, a post he held during the great American War of Independence, and quitting that office retired as Judge Advocate of the Fleet. As such, he acted in the memorable trial of Sir Hugh Palliser, quite within measurable distance of that on Admiral Byng, and I have the proceedings taken down in his own handwriting. He contested Colchester in 178—, George Tierney being his opponent, and my father has often said that it cost him £20,000, a sum almost too large, nevertheless, the contest crippled him for many succeeding years. He used to say that his *grandfather* had seen Henry Jenkins (contemporary with Parr), fishing in the river Swale in Yorkshire, up to his waist, for trout. This was a considerable amount of longevity to be able to record; still, dying in December, 1822, aged ninety-eight, he was the oldest householder in London at that time. I never quite knew on what grounds it has been reported, that my grandfather was the well-known "Junius," but, whether founded or unfounded, he wrote to my own knowledge a great deal in the public newspapers of the last century, (the "General [or Public?] Advertiser" was one, but none are at hand to quote), though, for some reason of his own, adopted, it is certain, so many and different signatures, (or none), that it is endless trouble to endeavour to ascribe any article to him, or to fix upon any of his communications; I have tried hard so to do, but have failed. "Junius" at any rate is now more or less out of date. My grandfather was, also, a great promoter of Inland Navigation, and having a place at Roydon in Essex, on the banks of the river Stort, which divides the counties of Essex and Herts, bought

(for the original object of country air when in office at the Admiralty), the thought betook him to make that river navigable from Bishop Stortford to the Lea, which runs into the Thames; a perfectly successful project and undertaking, and would have remained a lasting monument of public spirit, had not, alas! for him and his posterity, the application of railway transit by steam, transferred the whole traffic arising out of that measure, into the since discovered channel of locomotion. He was a great friend of, and very intimate with all the "Pitt" family, not only of the celebrated statesmen, Chatham and William Pitt, but of their less spoken-of relatives in Dorsetshire. With one of these Pitts he must have stood for some constituency besides Weymouth, for which he was at one time Member, as I have in my possession Electioneering Badges in dark blue ribbon, bearing the words "Pitt and Jackson," some in letters of gold, some in silver. Lord Chatham had a son in the Navy, brother of the great statesman, and Lady Chatham was constantly writing to my grandfather at the Admiralty to get tidings of him, and his whereabouts. As many of these letters as I could find, I gave recently to Lord Rosebery, descended from the Pitts in the female line; but most of the Pitt correspondence went with valuable autograph letters temp. James II. to the British Museum probably, or elsewhere, when my father was ruined in 1832.

The celebrated circumnavigator, Captain Cooke, named after him Port-Jackson in New South Wales, and Point-Jackson in New Zealand, to whom my grandfather had been a steady friend and patron, for to the

honour of the former, he never forgot the fact that when a boy he had been in the service of my grandfather's sister, Rachael, wife of Commodore Wilson of Ayton, in Cleveland, Yorkshire. In his "History of the British Colonies," Montgomery, without proper investigation, and utterly regardless of accuracy, states that the land so named, as observed, by Cooke, after my grandfather, obtained its name from some sailor named Jackson, who at the mast-head first descried the land ; a piece of assurance, and most unwarrantable assertion, which had better have been omitted for the authenticity of his History.

These matters bring to my mind a curious incident concerning an old watch, tending to verify family history. The Stort river, which my grandfather had made navigable sometime in the middle of last century (the date is immaterial), virtually passed out of the family on my father's ruin in 1832. Wishing to visit some of my old haunts about twenty or twenty-five years afterwards, I looked up a lock-keeper named George Coleman, of Roydon, whose father and grandfather had always been in the same position, since the opening of that navigation. The poor fellow who inherited the by-gone qualities (not then, but now extinct), of domestic fidelity, said to me—"There is an old watch here ; it's of no value and has'nt gone since I can remember, but you ought to have it," whereupon the watch was produced, in appearance resembling exactly those in museums of Charles I. period. "But what about its history?" said I. It was this. Sometime during the last century, a lock-keeper on the Stort navigation, named Savage, had

his house broken into and ransacked, losing his watch. My grandfather who met him when riding up the river subsequently, and had heard the story of the robbery and the man's loss, said to him—"Here, take this watch," drawing it out of his breeches pocket, as usually deposited in those days, "and I give it to you on the understanding that at your death, the next oldest lock-keeper on the river gets it; for it belonged to my grandfather." I placed the watch, which was made by Quare (the inventor of the chronometer, in the reign of Charles I.,) in the hands of a watchmaker, and had it put into order. This watch tended to the verification of six generations. I made it over to the Berney family, who now possess it. Thompson of Bond Street, Vulliamy's successor, on handing it to me when repaired, said—"Now it will go for another century." Anyone curious to know more, will be able to do so by consulting my "History of the Wyndesore and Duket families."

I remember attending a Levee in 1857, the year after my father died, and was presented by the late Lord de Grey, who had known me from a boy. I do not know what he would have thought, had his own splendid Hussar regiment been disbanded, as was the case recently with the 2nd West Riding regiment. He knew quite as much of his work in that capacity, or more, than many Colonels of the Regular Cavalry of that day. He was an equally good architect, and drew up the plan of the Junior United Service Club; I rather think also of Wrest in Beds, which he re-built. He was First Lord of the Admiralty at the time our Fleet went up the Baltic, under Sir Charles Napier in 1854 or 1855, I

forget the date. I wanted to be employed in *any* capacity, short of a shoe-black, and then sought to be appointed "Interpreter" to the Fleet. By his means I remember calling on Sir Charles Napier in Albemarle Street. I do not think the Admiral quite liked "the cut of my jib," for he did without one. Perhaps he thought his guns would be the best interpreter, and as for the "jib," the "cut" of mine was not that of a sailor exactly, or for that matter like his own. There are many still living who remember that bluff sailor. I am not quite up to date in ship-building, but I rather fancy those were still the days of our "wooden walls," now, alas! gone for ever, when there was no long-firing, but grappling-irons and boarding did the job, for close quarters best suited English sailors as well as soldiers. Writing towards the end of 1894, in the days of iron-clads, the Naval mantle of modern victory seems to have fallen on the Japanese. To whom will they bequeath it? England will have to keep a sharp look out, and her sailors too. Lord Gough used to say to his men—"Give them the cold *stale*, boys," according to Irish accentuation. Might one advise for Naval warfare, prompt and good use of the "Ram," without much more ado?

This bellicose notice of Sir C. Napier, &c., ought to have found its place earlier, but one thing brings in another, and thus it originated by the mention of Lord de Grey, as head of the Admiralty.

"*Difficile est proprie communia dicere*," says somewhere, I think, Cicero, though I may be wrong in fathering the words on him, still in admitting the difficulty, in which

I agree as to the detail of common-place events, I feel an equal, if not greater difficulty in marshalling my reminiscences of common occurrences, so that like a shield of arms, they should chime-in chronologically. This would be more than I can undertake, therefore in detailing what occurs to me, the "cart will be often before the horse," or in its usual place, and the order of date cannot be adhered to, save only that whatever may have occurred worthy of note, took place at the date given, whether I "hark back" as whippers-in say, to the same date again.

It must have been between 1860-70, when renting Fangfoss Hall in Yorkshire, that I was either dining out or stopping at some house, within no great distance of the former in point of time, when a gentleman (I need make no secret of his name, it was Sir W. Worsley), said to me, quite good naturedly and unoffensively—"I hear you exercise your own horses." To a certain extent I admitted it; but here again, was, as usual, something out of place. I did not exercise them, I superintended the business very often, for I generally tried to master everything I took in hand, and knew well that however good a horse might be, his powers were threefold greater when judiciously seasoned, and got into training. No stud groom or other is to be quite trusted in this sort of thing; besides my love for the animal was (and is) second to that of none; I never ill-treated a horse, made him part and parcel of myself, and got as much out of him, or more, by first-rate training, condition, and sundry little attentions, than whip or spur could have effected. I have taken fences

over which no one followed me, and ridden distances on *one* horse which can vie with any, save perhaps the rides of old Sir Tatton Sykes from Scotland, in order to attend a York ball ; or the feat of " Dick Turpin " to the same place ; or of Colonel George Greenwood, who used to ride his horse straight away from London to his family place in Hants ; the same animal, I think, on which he swam across the Serpentine. I am not ashamed, therefore, of my studgroom or trainer's vocation, when it came in its turn, but rejoice in the fact, that the splendid powers of the horse are capable of being brought to greater perfection under one's own eye, than under that of another. " How are the stud," used often the late Admiral Duncombe to say to me, whilst his neighbour in Yorkshire. A man is " safe " with gentlemen, but not with the other sort, who get up every kind of story in order to magnify themselves ; a class indigenous to our country of " double barrelled peers," and parvenus. I say all this pretty plainly, for it is well to be prepared for envious " friends " of all persuasions, whether in " military," " ecclesiastical," or sheep's clothing.

This state of things brought me in close contact with a part of human knowledge, which I mastered, as well as other matters, though I never rode a steeplechase, or had ever much to say to the wholesale slaughter of a battue ; neither have I been on any racecourse since my Oxford life ; but whether the dog or the horse, I made both my friends and study, and know as much about both as most men. I have always been my own veterinary surgeon, save in anatomical requirements,

making my own balls ; I never allowed a blacksmith to shoe, save under my own eye, forging shoes to my own pattern ; and in all such things, besides training, in which I was as good as a stud-groom, I was eye-witness to my horses being exercised before break of day for three hours—"Our fathers by the chase did live, toil strung their nerves, and purified their blood," says I think Dryden ; so early rising and active occupations, mental as well as bodily, have had the best result. Some of my rural experiences accordingly, I may relate.

In a part of Ireland in which I was living in 1858, viz., in the county of Down, the agent of the estate had a pack of harriers. I had often heard of a "trencher fed" pack of dogs, and here was an instance, which I mention, because it was positively amusing, and to a man who knows the proper way, rather ridiculous. Mr. Miller, a grand old fellow, was the master. Leaving his place at Portoferry, he sallied forth, perhaps with two or three others, and began to collect the dogs. This was a one by one ceremony, and on his horn sounding, out came a hound from the first farmstead on the road ; another blow of the same brought out another dog, and thus proceeding, by the time he had reached my abode, close to the sea shore, he had got together his whole pack. There was no hitch ; all the dogs seemed to understand the circumstances, and the pack were in as good order as if trotting away from a kennel. I used to enjoy the wild style of all this very much ; sometimes a sort of run, but with few "kills ;" though the finale to the day, seemed heartless enough ; the dogs knew instinctively when the master's horse

pointed homewards, and they were no longer wanted ; they all disbanded, each betaking himself to his own lair, in the most unceremonious manner. But the instinct of dogs and horses is wonderful, and I may mention the following. I was living in 1870 in Dorsetshire, and happened to be one day in Dorchester. I was at a stationer's shop, which also was the Post Office, or connected with it, and at that time, was pretty full. I must have been waiting my turn, and that for no short time, for my attention had been all along attracted by a small dog of a cur breed. The little fellow did not go on in the canine way altogether, and thus attracted my notice ; he seemed to belong to nobody, and to maintain a sort of expectant attitude. The dog must have been deporting himself thus for ten minutes, for shopkeepers are methodical and don't hurry themselves, when suddenly I saw someone fling a newspaper on the floor close to him, done up and posted in the usual known way. At once the dog took up the paper in his mouth and left the shop. "What dog was that" said I, to someone, "Oh, he comes every day at this time for his master's paper," was the reply. The owner lived at a distant part of the town, and it must have taken the dog five or six minutes to get back. How about the cruelty of vivisection after this ?

I bought a horse once at Tattersall's about 1862, then at Hyde Park Corner, with a blemish on the knee, which I knew would make him "go cheap," though a splendid horse in figure. The knee made me endeavour to get at his true history, and I succeeded most satisfactorily. Why the owner, Mr. Henry Coventry, a first-rate rider,

I have heard, got rid of him, I don't know, neither did his father, my old friend Deerhurst's half-brother, exactly know, but I soon discovered this horse to be possessed of a very, not wilful or bad, but a peculiar temper. One of the finest jumpers imaginable, no fence being too big for him, he would not jump over anything away from the dogs, and this I discovered the first day I rode him ; I wanted to make a short cut homewards and leave the road, but he resisted all attempts to make him take the fence skirting it. One day I had better proof of him. I was late for the meet, as I generally was, for my hunting was quite in a moderate way of business, riding my hunter to cover, and taking my own time. I arrived at the place of fixture, a small village, fully half-an-hour after the hounds had put into cover, about half-a-mile off. "Where are the hounds" I said to a man on getting to the meet. "I think," said he, "if you go to the further end of the village, you will see something of them, for I think they have found, and are coming that way." To the end of the village I went, and after a minute or two, one after another came the dogs in full cry, but not a soul was with them. "Open the gate my boy," I said to a young fellow, as soon as the dogs were well over the road ; and through I went ; no one was with them, and my friend was in his glory, for he would go anywhere at the tail of the dogs. I had a wonderfully good gallop after them, but they had got up to a wood (Kexby Wood), before the "field" were in sight at all. That fine rider, Ben Morgan, the huntsman of Lord Middleton's hounds, said to me, on my telling him that I had had it all to myself, "Oh, you got such

a start of us." I had often proofs of this characteristic in that animal, and I am certain that if people would only be kind to animals, and study their character, they would get much more out of them. This was another proof of sense, I may almost say of mind, far in advance of instinct.

I possessed another singularly odd tempered horse, much about the same time, and also a hunter. This horse was Irish, as by the way, was the one just spoken of, and he had been ridden in Leicestershire, and why he was sold, was equally a mystery to me, unless it were for the habit I am about to mention. I bought him at Birmingham for very little, and being near the summer I did not at once find him out. I asked a friend of mine in Leicestershire to find out something about him—"You will have to take care of your Dairy" was about as much as I could get out of my friend. I am not at all an advocate for "turning" horses "out," but I did so for some reason which I forget with this horse. One morning the man who looked after cows and calves, said the whole lot were scattered over the adjoining fields. The horse was the culprit; he had made a regular clearance, and would allow no other animal in his presence; he had simply driven everything out of the field. It was clear that he would share the pasture with no other; there should not be two Kings in Brentford. Luckily cows and heifers can jump any moderate fence, so that as the fences looked as usual, the wonder would otherwise have been, how they got out. But when the hunting season began, I discovered that this horse, who was equal to any other in the fencing line, would not

allow another horse to come near him ; he lashed out at every one. That was a most serious job, and I found it impossible to get into a crowd, such as occurs when a dozen or twenty people are waiting to get through a gate ; I had always to jump the fence and get out of the way, rather than to face such a thing. Once, however, a man came galloping past me in cover, but although the road was pretty wide, he kicked out and caught the rider, knocking off his spur. He was plainly sold for this trick, for as a hunter he was otherwise perfect. The extraordinary thing in this horse was that a man might do what he pleased with him ; he could not tolerate one of his own species. He was once in a paddock, skirted by a good wide brook, and fence on the take-off side, and in the adjacent field were some three or four cart horses. His natural dislike to other animals was here shown ; he jumped the fence and brook, how I can't conceive—I would not have ridden at such an obstacle—and commenced at once his operations. There was a regular fight amongst them and my horse got the most fearful cut on the thigh, laying it all open. The veterinary surgeon sewed the parts together, but it became a permanent blemish. Here was another curious instance of character, though I rather suspect that Foreign horses also display many traits seldom found on British soil. When I was a boy at Saxe-Gotha I took riding lessons, and an animal which I rode in the school (or Reitbahn), upon one occasion, on leaving the same, took it into his head to sulk ; he betook himself to the side of a wall or building, and systematically kept

jamming my leg against it, and nothing would make him desist. This was a trait so like that of a human being that I have never forgotten it ; indeed these things have always made me a great anti-vivisectionist.

We had once a dog (a German Spitz), who would do everything but speak. "Take this to your master," he would then bring a book, parcel, or what not from one side of the room to the other. When coming into the carriage on the wrong side, or that that closed up, and told "go round to the other side," at once understood.

I took into my head at one time to "*break*" a dog to the gun, and acquired the art by reading and partly through a gamekeeper. My mode was to hunt the dog with a long line to its neck ; a boy at my elbow or within reach, was trained on my holding up my hand, when the dog stood (or pointed), to creep down along the ground upon "all fours," seize the end of the long line, and become motionless. Should the dog on the bird or birds rising, attempt to move or "run in," he was to give a sharp jerk. In this way I had a young setter, and like all highly bred dogs, she became easy to break. The first bird she ever found was a grouse, at which she stood ; it got up and I killed it. This was more than half the battle, and can be quite understood. She became, I may say, too steady ; a move of the hand would scarcely suffice to make her commence "*ranging*" again, after the game had risen. Shooting in that way with pointers is now gone out—more's the pity, for bags and slaughter are now only cared for ; and breechloaders were then unknown. The by-gone mode with dogs taught to range close, and quarter their ground on

stubble, and in small enclosures, is a very different thing from the wide and free ranging of dogs on the moors. The dog I have spoken of was very fast, and a wide ranger ; it really took some trouble to keep her in sight. Once she stood to a single bird (as it turned out) in some distant broken boggy ground ; I suppose that I was fully four or five minutes, what with jumping this and jumping that, before I could get up to her, or the dog "backing" her. There she stood, motionless ; but the grouse were getting wild, and the bird got up out of shot. I am as sad as sad can be when I think of the fate of some of those dear poor animals, far superior in many of their attributes to the man who ill uses them.

Now that I am on the subject of horses and dogs, I cannot omit mention of one I bought at Tattersall's, on the same day with the other I have spoken of, and for an equally low figure, for it so happened that some great man was selling off his stud, consisting of many splendid animals, which fetched high prices. I bought both at the end of the day when bidders were reduced. The horse in question was, if anything, quite as good looking, if not better, than the other. I don't of course care for names by which horses may be entered, but this horse I speak of was named "Ginger," and the other "Poole" after the tailor. As I was leaving the yard, and making for Hyde Park Corner, a man came up to me, and touching his hat said, "I beg pardon, Sir, but I know the horse you have bought well, and he is about as good a horse across country as ever went"—the horse was advertised to be well known with Meynell Ingram's hunt—"I have had care of him, and

know him well ;"—“ Oh, do you ” said I, “ like an owl,” and forthwith put half-a-crown into his ready paw, and proceeded on my way, if possible, more than rejoicing. This was an entirely new dodge to me, and I did not discover it until later, as will be seen, and one which the last thirty years had then brought forth, showing that the rascals of that time were sharper in their generation, than those of my earlier days, for the effrontery of this lying blackguard was beyond recognition or detection. I was living in Yorkshire and took down the two horses a few days afterwards. My servant smiled when he saw the horses enter the yard, as much as to say, “ You have two good ones now.” According to my habit, the day following, I took the horse with the wonderful reputation along the road leading to the nearest town, in order to become acquainted with him. There was a windmill about two miles on the road, out of which my friend at once made capital ; turned sharp round, and in the plainest way declined to become at all acquainted with the market town. I saw of course at once what he was, and equally declined to have any row with him. I sent him accordingly into York a day or two after, to be sold for what he would fetch, but was of course silent as the grave about him. The groom who took him came back telling me with a grin, “ We have sold Ginger.” Well done thought I, and more satisfied still when I heard that he had fetched more than I gave for him. But the purchaser had been deceived in him like myself. I could scarcely help laughing, though it was a case for pity, when he wrote to me for any information I could give him about the

horse, "for" said he, "I was two hours on him one day in a field and I could not get him to move a step."

I shall not have to recur much more to my horse experiences, and may as well close with the following, one being another "take-in." About two or three years later, I bought again at Tattersall's a very good looking animal indeed, described as the property of Lord Malden, a good hunter, and "quiet to ride," but the price was more than double that of the other named purchases. I took the horse down the same night, and arrived in York about 2 a.m. Regardless of appearance, and indifferent to remarks, I rode the horse myself just as he was, and took the road home-wards. All went on right enough until the ninth mile stone, at which a bye road of three miles led to where I lived. I had not proceeded a quarter of a mile along the road, before the horse set to kicking, and in such a persistent way that I thought it advisable to dismount and lead him home. I returned him the same morning to Tattersall's, and refused to take him, not answering to his description. This was the trick for which he had been sold evidently. The parties made some objection, but gave way. The two foregoing are cases of bad temper, which I think is brought out nine times out of ten by some injudicious treatment, or rather ill-treatment on the part of a groom or stable man.

In conclusion, I may make especial mention of a remarkable horse which I bought in Dublin, first on account of the price, and secondly for excellence. The horse in question was sold to me for £6, which was so ridiculously under the value of any horse, about in fact

the value of a dog, that I concluded the seller had come by him improperly, so much so that I went to the Police, as the safest way of ascertaining the truth, for he was sold to me as a hunter. It turned out that the horse had been "cast," and sold out of the Horse Artillery; the troops from the Crimea having about that time returned from service. That this horse was Turkish I have no doubt at all, having all the action and make of a good Turkish horse; be this as it may I never had one more valuable, and it would be endless to recount his further history for twenty-two years. This horse had been cast as incurable for some hock disease (occult-spavin, probably), and had a hole or cavity besides at the hip, large enough for a cricket ball; some shot had carried away a great part of it, or if not a shot, it must have been a lance wound originally, which had sloughed away, leaving a large cavity. He was much hardier than a horse of English or Irish breed, and of that peculiar high stepping action in which most English horses are deficient; for this reason he was not a fast trotter, and a very slow galloper.

The occurrences of ordinary life are necessarily uneventful, still one or two matters appear to me worthy of note. Soon after my marriage I was living on the outskirts of Dolgelly in Wales, and the accidental manner in which I prevented or rather frustrated the attempt of burglars to break into my house, may be mentioned. It was about 1-30 or 2 p.m., that being still in my sitting-room, I had occasion to search for something in a remote part of the house, and whilst so occupied, I distinctly heard someone try to open a door bordering

the road. The house was entirely shut off from it by a high wall, in which was the said door, so that the light I had, could not have been observed. There was no doubt about it in my mind, so I at once extinguished the light and went for a gun, for I used to shoot a good deal on some snipe ground of Sir Robert Vaughan's, near at hand. I forthwith placed myself in position, exactly in the same room, which happened to be over the back entrance to the house. I must have been waiting for at least twenty minutes, when I heard an attempt to try the kitchen door. I threw up the window, and fired as well as I could in that direction, but being right above the door, I was prevented from all aim. I at once saw a large dog run off in the exact and only direction by which entrance was possible; a man by keeping close into the house could also have escaped the shot. There were opposite to the house, some out-buildings, in which it would have been easy for burglars to have secreted themselves. I remained with my gun cocked for a good half-hour, and not a sound was to be heard, though I was convinced that someone was on the premises, and I thought might be concealed in one of the outhouses, so I fired into one, the door of which was half open, and immediately afterwards a "shout of defiance" was raised in the road, by at least three or four men. I had thwarted them, and they then gave distinct evidence of their intention themselves, for had they gone away silently, it would have only remained a matter of suspicion, but this shout was clear proof that I had accidentally baffled the burglars.

I only resided at Dolgelly during that winter, 1848-9,

and it must have been probably about November that I drove over to a moor, which I rented, about thirty miles off. The days were then closing in, and very short, and I did not leave to return home until far too late. I had not troubled myself about moonlight and so forth, so that before I got ten miles I was regularly benighted ; it became in common parlance, pitch dark ; I had no lamps, and the road being at one time only distinguishable or evident as a rather narrow streak, became shortly after no longer visible, when that was obliterated. There was nothing to guide me but the sound of the horses' hoofs, or rather of the two ponies, and the road I knew very indifferently, but I was aware that it overhung a deep ravine on one side, for some miles. I suppose I must have proceeded in this way, pitch dark as it was, for upwards of a mile, when I came upon the lights of a wayside inn, and I never remember any greater relief. How these two ponies kept the road, and went bravely on, has always made me think that the power of vision, even in the dark, excels in some more than other animals. Night had not alone contributed ; the road for some miles was darkened, even by day, with overhanging trees and rocks.

I have related my first accident in life. Although not all the following are by any means in succession, I may as well couple them in that way, for all (save two), refer to runaway horses of the veritable sort. You will often hear both men and women talking about horses running away. Some horses have hard mouths, and you may pull at them, so to say, for ever. Of this kind I have had two or three such to deal with, but it is quite

a different matter in respect of the horse who bolts outright ; the rider (or driver) at once recognises his perfect incapacity to do anything, for the animal has it entirely his own way ; no power can stop him, and the consequences, nine times out of ten, must end fatally. The following are of my own experience. About 1830 or 31, my father had bought a grey mare for his groom's own riding. I was mounted on this animal about that time, and took her down to the river side merely for a ride whilst at Roydon, my father's house in Essex. The river was the Stort Navigation. No sooner had I passed a bridge and lock, than being in a large meadow, bounded on all sides with water, the mare at once bolted, and ran straight for a branch of the river, but coming up to it, turned and went direct back for the lock. A lock keeper witnessed all this, and in some way, how I am sure I know not, got at her head just as she was coming up to the lock, at the risk of his own life of course. This, my third experience of a runaway horse, was followed by a fourth, occurring in a barrack yard in Dublin, which has been omitted in its proper place, for it was soon after I had joined the 15th Hussars at Portobello. I had been "schooling" one of my chargers on my own account, independent of the "rough rider's" tuition, and had had a battle with him, which put up his temper, and lasted some time. In due course I left the riding house, but had no sooner done so, than I discovered that the curb-chain was broken, and the horse became equally aware of it at the same time ; I had virtually no further real power over him. When he thus found himself free, off he went, and I was not

long in recognising the probable future. The animal was not very steady on his legs and I foresaw that in turning the corner of a line of stables, which he would have to do, he was morally certain to come down, so I at once vaulted off, reaching the ground safely enough, but badly cutting one of my knees. When I consider the high-peaked saddle, with its high bent pommel and cantle of the light cavalry : that I had on my sword, sabre-tache, and spurs, how I got so clear of the horse, and escaped as I did, is to me a miracle. The temper of horses is very contradictory, and this, and another to be mentioned, happened with apparently docile animals. I consider this my fourth escape, but another, and the worst instance, perhaps, of all, occurred whilst driving in Scotland. It was in 1855 that I was residing at Ballyshear House in Argyleshire. The owner of it, a brother of Lord Ducie, had sent me a small horse on trial, to use in a sort of basket carriage ; I did not like it, and *thought* it a slug. I was one day in this vehicle with my wife, and a Pomeranian dog. The hills thereabouts are high, and on going down one of them, something, perhaps the end of the futchells or shafts, for I never could make out the cause, touched the horse behind ; off it went down a steep hill, and reaching a straight road, the brute went on up the opposite hill and down on the other side, and without any abatement in speed, took us up to the top of the third hill. By this time the wind was nearly, if not quite pumped out of the horse, and I managed by hard pulling, to bring his head into a wall off the road side. It must have run away at least two miles or more, but

the road was good though narrow, and providentially nothing was on it ; no cart, waggon or other obstacle ; had we met any such, the writer of this would never have taken pen in hand again. My wife and I both jumped out, for the brute was fairly done up and blown ; we walked home the whole way, being seven miles from the house ; the straightness of the road and height of the hills were alone responsible for our escape. The foregoing were four instances of the *real* runaway kind ; no human power could have stopped the horses in any of those cases, but I can relate some equally termed by many runaway, less dangerous and rather similar.

I had a *very noted* horse in Yorkshire, which had belonged to one of the men (and a first-rate rider), who were drowned in 1867-8, during a run with the York and Ainstey Hounds, on which occasion, Sir C. Slingsby the Master, the Huntsman, Robinson (the owner in question), and Lloyd of — —, near York, were drowned ; it was a fearful accident, and may be briefly noted. The Swale had overflowed its banks, and the country was under water ; the hounds had crossed the river somewhere near Newby Hall, and as usual the best riders were first up in order to place their horses and themselves in the flat-bottomed ferry boat, which plys across the river at that spot. The boat took in far too many horses, and one of them, Sir C. Slingsby's celebrated horse, "Saltfish," set to kicking ; the horses I rather think had been more or less coupled together, and when this kicking commenced the whole got in some way or another on one side of the ferry boat, which turned over, and they were all immersed in the

water. Robinson never dismounted his horse at all, rose to the top, and never came up again. Slingsby was a good swimmer, and for some time kept afloat, but his top boots and dress prevented his landing ; his horse followed the red coat and was the only one of all the eleven horses that escaped. The names of those who were not drowned I do not remember to have heard, but Sir George Wombwell of Crimean activity at Balaclava, managed with another or two, to get on the bottom of the overturned ferry boat. The above named horse, after this sad event, came into the possession of my old friend, Robert Bower of Welham, but was scarcely up to his weight, so his father drove him as a leader in his drag. I had long known this undeniable good horse, on which Robinson used to lead the field ; and I once sat behind him from Welham to Scarborough, when he seemed to pull the whole drag by himself. This brings to my remembrance one of the greatest pieces of activity I ever witnessed in my life. I was sitting on the box next to Mr. Bower on the above occasion ; we had not reached the Lodge, the iron gates of which were shut, and the horses appeared to be rather too much for him ; I thought nothing would prevent the whole concern dashing into the gates, but the two servants behind well estimating the danger, had jumped off the drag, and reached them just in the nick of time to throw them open. Nothing could have been better done. The horse, after Mr. Bower's death, was nominally given to me by his son, and not being very heavy, I hunted him a few times, but he was too old to do as much as he had done ; he was still

as active as a cat, and as safe as possible on his legs ; no fence stopped him, but he had a wonderful trick of temporarily bolting with every new man who got on him for the first time ; a practice not very easy to understand, for he had no sort of vice about him. He had done this with Robinson, who as observed, always led the field on him ; he had done so with Robert Bower, and he now did so with me, and I think the horse took at least half a dozen fences with me in this way, before I could say that I had any power over him ; he then seemed to settle down. I mounted a lady on him some time afterward in 1874, a second cousin of mine, Julia Berney ; I never dreamed of his repeating this trick when not with hounds ; I thought age had sobered him down, but the Old Berkshire Hounds happened to be out without my knowing it, and to my horror he set off with her, whilst we were cantering on some soft ground. I saw that if I tried to stop him by keeping up with him, for I was mounted on a faster horse, there would be a fearful accident, so I pulled up, and the lady, who had plenty of nerve, managed to turn his head after a long gallop towards his stable friend, on whom I was seated ; he came back straight to him, and I seized the reins when he came up. The old fellow had had his gallop, and as all was well, it so ended.

In 1871 I was residing for a short time in Dorsetshire. The configuration of much of it is well known ; high hilly uncultivated tracts, like the Sussex and Wiltshire Downs, with intervening inhabited valleys. I was riding on one occasion by a footpath or bridle road over the

hills from Sydling to Maiden Newton. Some one (a shepherd boy probably), had hung his coat or jacket on the post of a gate ; I was bending forward to open the gate, when the horse took fright at the suspended jacket, and bolted right down the hill. He happened to be a wonderfully sure-footed animal down hill, so though I soon lost my hat, I had lost neither my head or my seat. Half way down was a strong fence, right in front of the horse, which I knew would stop him sufficiently to enable me to get clear of him. It turned out as I anticipated ; the horse swerved at the fence and off I jumped ; he had had a good long gallop, and was practically stopped by the fence. This was another instance of the runaway sort, following short of the real kind, but equally powerless in ability to stop the animal. It might be almost said that the horse in this case could not stop himself, putting vice out of the question, for the impetus down a fearfully steep hill would cause the like in a human being.

I was driving on one occasion about 1887, in an open carriage or phaeton with splash board in front ; the horse had a habit of throwing up its head, and if not very careful, whisked the reins out of one's hand. I was engaged in doing something, I forget what, and had the reins loose, when it jerked them out of my hand, and finding itself without restraint, set off galloping down a hill, and up another. The reins were long, and were thus dragging on the road behind the horse ; I bent myself over the splash board, and how I managed to hoist them up, whilst the animal was at full speed, is a mystery, but I did so, and as no cart or obstacle was on

the road, no harm occurred. This incident belongs to the category of the second runaway kind, for as soon as I recovered the reins, I had perfect control over the horse. Curious enough, I never drove this horse again, or used more the said carriage, from a circumstance of no great moment.

I have had so many miraculous escapes in life that it is really difficult to pronounce upon the greatest, but perhaps those which I survived in later years were as remarkable as any, namely that which I experienced from a cart in Tottenham Court Road, and the following. I was working a punt to an island on the river Thame, close to which I lived until 1893, and was landing on it, in order to bring the punt close up to the bank, when my foot slipped, and I went down backwards, head foremost into a pool twenty or thirty feet deep. I was down so long, that one who was in the boat declared that the water had become quite smooth before I rose to the top. This I luckily did, clear of the punt, for had I come up under it, I must have been drowned ; as it was, I made a few strokes to the boat, and held on until a labourer aided my reaching and ascending the undermined river bank.

In 1892 I was returning to the West End of London from the British Museum, and was in the act of crossing a narrow street out of Tottenham Court Road, seldom used for traffic, when a cart horse touched my shoulder ; in a moment more I should have been knocked down and under the cart, had not a man pulled me forcibly back, as quick as lightning ; he gave me a most reprov-ing look, not knowing that I had lost the sight of the

left eye, on the side from whence the danger came. I have since deeply regretted that I never took down his name and address, for he most assuredly saved my life on that occasion.

To these last minor, but still very narrow escapes, I must mention the following relating to an old house. I was occupying in 1878 a house that dated from about the time of James 1st, or earlier, in which according to the custom of our ancestors—why it is difficult to conceive—a beam ran about four or five feet above the fireplace across the room. Being fond of heat, I had established a stove with a pipe running into the chimney, and two days after using it on one occasion, I found an unusual heat in the wall, so that there could be no doubt as to fire somewhere. A mason was sent for, and on removing a part of the wall above the fireplace, close to the said beam, the latter was found to be in a beautiful glow extending to a couple of yards on each side, and but for this timely discovery, the whole house would have been shortly on fire. The mention of this, in one way of no great importance, may tend to warn others of the danger of this old mode of construction. It might be curious to ascertain upon what grounds the builders of ancient days placed beams in such perilous sites.

Escapes, whenever there is peril of life, or rather when in contact with imminent danger, are in their way equal to any which the sailor or soldier has to face. Man can die but once, and the dangers of the battle field may never be realized. To have survived, therefore, a multitude of miraculous escapes, is as worthy of note as of thanksgiving on the part of the survivor, even

though the same had no connection with it ; there is no disparity in either result.

I am not certain as to the exact date, but think that it was in 1873 that I was invited to dine with the Mercers' Company. I presume that it was my reputation as a linguist, which induced the Master and Wardens to place me right in amongst the individuals who composed the Japanese Embassy, which had been sent to this country on some special mission ; these were the Envoy and his suite, numbering some eight or ten, invited to dine on that occasion. To suppose that a man who was master of three or four European languages, had an equal acquaintance with Japanese, was a decided stretch of imagination, although of course highly complimentary. I sat next to the Secretary, and he again sat next to the Ambassador or Envoy, and that gentleman was the only one of the Embassy who spoke aught but Japanese. He spoke perfectly good English, and equally good French, and was an exceedingly agreeable neighbour, and quite a man of the world. My presence amongst them was quite unnecessary, but that could not have been foreseen. The only matter that called for my assistance, related to the "punch," which at civic dinners is usually handed round early in the day. This beverage took the special fancy of the Envoy, as it did of the rest, so amidst general "smacking of lips," I was asked as to its secret components, and it was not without some hilarity that I obtained, I hope not without similar success, a promise to supply the receipt ; if among its attributes of "curing the gout, the colic, and the phthisic," it was afterwards found so

to do the like in Japan, though in myself I am conscious of its producing the two first of these complaints, something will have been gained by those foreigners beyond political advantages. The Mission was to leave in a day or two for Paris, as I learned from the Secretary, and the Japanese Envoy, I remember, read his after-dinner speech in his own language, from a paper he held in his hand. Though of an unmistakeable similarity of look, the Japanese (judging from those in question), have a "better bred" mien, with a fuller, far less "puckered up" eye, in fact quite wanting the well-known luminary of the Chinese. I have always had an inward satisfaction and pride in attending a civic banquet at the Mercers' Company, knowing that my ancestor's coat of arms figured over my head in their splendid hall. I remember dining there once, when nine or ten English Bishops were present.

About 1865-6 I received an invitation to stop at Scrivelsby in Lincolnshire, with the Dymokes. This place passed lately to a very distant branch, occupying, I believe, a somewhat lower position in the scale, but still in descent from the original Queen's Champions. I mention this, because on the centre of the dinner table the custom at Scrivelsby was to display the different "gold cups," out of which the Coronation Champion of different reigns had been wont to drink to the King's health, and defy his enemies. I think there must have been eight or nine of them, one dating from Richard II.

Although no man can lay the unction to his soul, that he has in his life time never done a foolish act, there are some to whom the reverse will come home more

than to others. I believe my failings in that respect have been pretty evenly divided, though to name the wisest or most foolish act I have committed, would require consideration ; still in 1858-9 (I forget the year) one I perpetrated assuredly belongs to the latter category. I never was a good hand at public or post prandial "speaking," neither did I ever care a straw for politics, for when in power I have uniformly seen the party so circumstanced, play the very same game of the adverse side, so that in the end the policy of both is uniformly conducted on similar lines. With no turn therefore for political life, why I should have been so unwise as to think of putting myself in nomination for any seat in Parliament, is not very explainable, for in addition to defective oratory, (save in addressing soldiers, where I was quite at home) I am not at all disposed to take with stoic indifference the commonplace vulgarities, or even adverse remarks people at elections seem to take the liberty of making, and bandied about indiscriminately to damage the candidate. In that way I came in for my share of low and would-be witticism, but caring personally very little for the matter, I retired in time.

Lest, moreover, I should be accused by some kind friend of having omitted in my narrative any matter of which it might have been better to have said nothing, it was at some later period, that two further incidents occurred, but these may be soon disposed of, though I omit names for obvious reasons. One related to a Company, to which I lent my name, and got sufficiently mulcted ; Sheriff's Officers being sent to my premises

in order to intimidate and enforce payment, the whole transaction having been an abominable swindle, to put it at the mildest. Another case was a gross and scandalous perversion of justice, not often occurring in an English Court. It was one of assault, in which two witnesses perjured themselves so shockingly, that they ought to have been prosecuted, had they been, as they say, "worth powder and shot." But a *gentleman* is a nice tool to be made use of by any low set, and forms good capital out of which to obtain advantage pecuniary or otherwise.

All my remarks tend to show that I was never overburdened with money. I had at one time a picture, by Hans Holbein, of Sir Lionel Ducket, Lord Mayor of London t. Elizabeth. He, Sir Lionel, was not one of those Lord Mayors, of whom I have heard in derision say, that they were the first founders of such and such people's family; on the contrary, he belonged to one of the oldest families in the North of England, and was brought up, as was said in those days to "commerce." The picture has on the finger a ring, quartering the arms of Duket, Wyndesore, Redman, and Aldeburg, being only four out of the ten quarterings he was able to marshal. When my father became ruined and his property brought to the hammer, this picture was either bought in by a friend, or given back to the family—I have no certain knowledge about it—but as Sir Lionel Ducket had been a great benefactor to the Mercers' Company, and built the Royal Exchange in conjunction with Sir Thomas Gresham, I offered it to that Company and they very generously paid five hundred guineas for it.

It was in 1870 that my old schoolfellow, brother officer, and unswerving friend Trotter died, and his last days were very distressing, being perfectly paralysed in arms and legs. I had been to see him in Soho Square, for he was proprietor of the Bazaar so-called, originally set on foot by his father, a tall well proportioned man, who piqued himself on his gait and fencing acquirements, for the straight sword was still in vogue in his youth. Anxious not to miss the train, my old friend with "George, I have not a moment to spare," bounded out of the house, jumped into a hansom cab, and was off like a shot, in all the vigour of life. Two years afterwards a fearful change had come o'er the spirit of his dream ; he was helplessly paralysed from hand to foot ; a man foremost as a performer on the Serpentine of the skating club, priding himself upon the build of his limbs, of which models had been made, and celebrated in his earlier days as a waltzing partner to many a fair lady at Almacks. I wrote to be allowed to see him at Dyrham, his house near Barnet, but this could not always be permitted. At last a day was named, and on reaching Dyrham, I found him sitting in a wheel chair on the lawn with his wife close at hand. I was so dreadfully shocked and overcome, that I told Mrs. Trotter I could not stop, that it was too much for me. Upon her saying "Oh do, it does him good," I stood and talked to him by the side of his chair ; he was visibly affected also, poor fellow. I remarked to him that his hair was not the least grey, and he tried to take off his hat, and partly raised it by lowering his head. I remember one of his daughters was called

from another part of the lawn, and was told by him to read a passage in Galatians. A contrivance by which the chair could be moved on planks through one of the lower windows without displacing the occupant had been managed, and after a while he was borne in that way back again to the house ; he waved his hand as well as he could, and I never saw him more. It is a noteworthy fact, that my two greatest friends became "Saints" in the vulgar acceptation of the word, as thoroughly as any two men could attain to that much to be envied state, and what is also remarkable is, that neither of them knew the other. The two men, also, animated by the same spirit, sought to make their "calling and election sure" in two opposite ways ; the one faced the world openly, the other retired from it in fear, nevertheless both, as friends, were equally valued. I have spoken further on in hostile terms of certain two "R's," I may equally designate these as the two "T's," and if I add thereto Lord Tankerville, who will not care to avoid such company, I may, though still living, associate him with the former of them, whom he knew, and thus instead of two, record three "T's," as good specimens of that state, to which poor human nature is able to attain. Curiously enough I now remember another of equal sanctity, with "T" commencing designation, thus doubling my originally quoted number. Of the four it may be said as a singular fact, that there should have been the same initial letter of the name, all being well known to myself, though not to one another. Lord Tankerville, a still older friend, but with whom I have been brought

less in contact, is a good example of a spiritually-minded man (aided by his highly gifted, and high born partner), using this world without abusing it, and in that way, does perhaps more good in his generation than others, for men are not to be converted by force, or by Act of Parliament.

Cecil Turnor, above alluded to, with whom I had been at Oxford, and at a private tutor's, and in constant communication until he shut himself up and shunned the world, had left Malvern, where I last saw him, for Cheltenham, and here he died in 188—. I am not an admirer of the recluse, or of seclusion from the world, for if a man cannot avoid its temptations—I allude to those of a sinful kind—his faith and endurance are far from sufficient, and fall far short of the state inculcated by Divine precept. This was the condition of mind, which first brought mankind to seek retirement in monasteries, praiseworthy up to a certain point, but in which the original motive soon became lost, the subsequent state of their inmates becoming worse than the first, for if the abominations and wickedness carried on openly in the world were too unendurable, how much greater the sin in those, who under the pretence of devoting themselves to prayer, carried on vices in seclusion, under the protection of such human institutions. Seclusion is a mistake on the part of any one, and monasteries give the lie, so far, to Hahnemann's theory "*Similia similibus curantur.*" But here is another digression, demanding apology.

In 1876, I lost my excellent and only sister, Lady Burrard, who had in 1839 married Sir George Burrard

of Walhampton. He was a remarkable instance of persistence, and true to his own family motto of "Persevere," for she had refused him over and over again. There was no relationship between them, though my father's half-sister had married his uncle, Sir Harry Burrard. That distinguished officer was entirely instrumental to the breaking up of the mutiny of the Nore, having had such influence over the crew of the San Fiorenzo, which he commanded, as to keep them loyal, although ostensibly in touch with the Mutineers, sending delegates to the flag-ship to keep up appearance, and so it was that, on the first change of wind, he hoisted sail and passed right out through the Fleet, some of the ships firing on him. This gallant and loyal conduct was immediately followed by Lord Amelius Beauclerk, which lead to the breaking up of that memorable mutiny. I think he received for this the Red Ribbon of the Bath, and the thanks of the City of London, but George III. told him personally, that "he should never forget it." I mention my sister, Lady Burrard's name, more particularly because the family of Burrard is a very old one, and its members were all proud of their residence Walhampton, a beautiful place commanding views of the Solent and the Needles, at which George III. and Queen Charlotte had been more than once visitors, and to perpetuate the name and keep the property in their family, was the sole thought of their lives. My sister's husband was accidentally drowned at Lyme Regis; his half brother, Sir Harry, died six months later in 1871; whilst the latter's son, Sir H. P. Burrard, managed to bring the whole estate to the hammer. "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

It was about 1872 that I took up my abode partly at Oxford, and subsequently in its neighbourhood, bringing on that occasion to an end the Genealogical Work I had been engaged upon since 1845, for the priceless MSS. of Dodsworth had by that time been thoroughly overhauled, as well as those of Rawlinson, both being in the Bodleian Library. I may say, also, that from about that time my labours in the field of Archæology first commenced, to which my constant researches in Genealogy had given the impulse. From that period to within a year of the present time, whilst I pen these Memoirs, I have posed as an Antiquary, and obtained success in that direction, although not altogether in the land of my nativity. Now, it strikes me as a very remarkable and somewhat ominous condition of matters, that in this country everything is a job, and whilst the main object seems to be to place a stumbling block in the path of independent workers, or such as seek a name in the field of literature or otherwise, on their own account, and hold no allegiance to recognised authorities, or those that set up for such, a whole swarm of miserable creatures spring up in addition either to laud or condemn your undertaking, just as it suits their purpose, dictated, in the last case, sometimes by jealousy, or oftener by self sufficient conceit, and an idea of an up-to-date superiority, cringing to the opinion of some presumed and fashionable authority. Hence it would appear that the great class of Englishmen are chiefly bent upon criticising productions, without having ability to exhibit any of their own, and so in that way neither the truth, or real value of a work is ever admitted, and

the opinion of the press is given in accordance with the wire puller. I entertained great suspicion of this state of things very long ago, and an experience of five and twenty years, not at Oxford only, tends to confirm the belief. Still not there alone, but at other seats of learning, the inevitable grandeur of the Don, save in some instances, with the stuck-up self-sufficiency of upper University employés, apparent to any man of the world, both add their quota of antagonism for the above end. Were all this otherwise, how should it come to pass, that an Englishman like myself, receives medals of honour and decorations from Foreign Governments only. University distinctions (which, however, can be bought), are withheld from very many, and above all are given to men who never penned more than a common letter in their lives, and have earned distinction in any but a literary way. Such a condition of our literary surroundings is neither encouraging to the student, or creditable to the reputation of the country. I have met, nevertheless, with two or three (perhaps more) exceptions, during the course of my literary labours at one English University, among which, the Rev. W. D. Macray of the Bodleian—if he will allow me to name him—stands quite unrivalled, as the man of unbounded information, and ready at all times to impart the same to any seeker for it at his hands. Not only have I often had a difficulty solved by him, but have had greater testimony of his value in those wonderful Catalogues of the Rawlinson and other MSS., without the aid of which I should never have been enabled to finish or even carry out many works I have

undertaken. He is a manifest exception, but who would believe it? Jealousy (for what else could it have been), once did its work with him, since no fitter man could have been selected to maintain the traditions of Bodley's Library; void of all *prétention*, and full of learning, he stands quite alone.

Thus it was, therefore, that about 1871 I took in hand works, for some of which I have received honours and rewards, bringing first to a close a laborious undertaking about 1871 (one of the many irons I have always had in the fire) namely, the genealogy of the Duket and Windesore families, for on the female side, through my grandmother, I am able to count twenty-two uninterrupted and indisputable descents, and give chapter and verse for each. I have heard some one observe, that a pedigree was of no great value, unless it enabled a man to claim a peerage, for as no such dignity is attainable, save on unanswerable testimony and record, such observation points to infallible correctness as a matter of necessity, and in the genealogical work in question every step and link is capable of proof. This work, first undertaken on the lines of Burn's History of Westmorland, whence my family originally springs, and the much earlier work on the same county, by Sir Daniel Fleming of Rydal (in 1671), was finally completed (as observed) from the Dodsworth MSS. in the Bodleian. There had been scarcely a week for many years in which I had not been engaged on this work, which can be seen at the British Museum, and is a fair specimen of labour.

It was in this way that antiquarian researches in family history first brought me in close contact with those two

fountains of folk-lore and historical authority, the Dods-worth and Rawlinson MSS., and I seized in succession on entries concerning counties, with which my ancestry were connected. In this way one of the first works I chose was Sir Daniel Fleming's History of Westmorland, in his own handwriting, among the latter MSS, and this I copied and edited for the Westmorland Antiquarian Society. Shortly afterwards I entered into the controversy and much disputed question of the Gundreda descent, about which perhaps more nonsense has been given to the world, than any other disputed point in history ; to counteract the fallacy of which, and to establish my own (I consider the true) theory, I have written article upon article in the Yorkshire and Sussex Antiquarian Journals. This controversy affecting the Norman noble family of Warenne, from which that of Wyndesore deduces, was, I may say, the origin of all my subsequent Antiquarian studies and pursuits, and I verily believe that my last articles in the Sussex and Yorkshire Journals "*Gundreda, Countess of Warenne ; a parting word about her,*" in 1892, ought to end the same, if anything ever does, though this is an unbelieving age, and if men question parts of Holy Writ, how can one be surprised at their want of belief in minor things ?

Such undertakings brought me back, if I may so say, to first principles, for I had always been very studious and industrious as a boy, having copied and arranged annotations on the four Gospels from books on Divinity belonging to my Tutor, long before I went to Oxford ; in fact I was commencing to arrange notes on the Acts, as the MS. books, still extant, show, just

at the time I met with the accident which nearly killed me in Hyde Park. Some one might say the same was a prelude to my love for subsequent lexicography !

It was partly to discover the truth of the foregoing descent, that I turned my thoughts to the Records of the Abbey of Cluny in the French National Library. The late French Ambassador (Mr. Waddington), introduced me to its Director, and I became so thoroughly interested in all that related to the Order of Cluni (or Cluny), that I edited two large volumes of Records concerning its relations with this country. That work, styled "*Monasticon Cluniacense Anglicanum*" obtained for me the honour of the *Palmes d'or*, or decoration of an Officer of Public Instruction in France. I had previously to this undertaking, published "*Evidences of the Abbey of Cluni*," taken chiefly from M. Delisle's Catalogue of the Cluni MSS. A work of very great labour brought out by me in 1884, occupied a few years, viz., the "*Test Act and Penal Law Returns*," during the reign of James II., among the Rawlinson MSS. in the Bodleian. These I transcribed with my own hand, word for word, and letter for letter. I have shown in that work how these *original* Returns must have come into the possession of Dr. Rawlinson, and considering that the writing is in the hand of different people, not one of whom wrote a hand like another, and of whom some were illiterate, the undertaking tried me a good deal, and I myself look upon it as satisfactory a work as any on which I have ever been engaged. With many papers for the Archæologia Cambrensis, the Wiltshire, Sussex, Yorkshire Antiquarian, and Camden Societies,

(ex. g.) the "*Marches of Wales*"; the "*History of Manorbier Castle and the Barri Family, its early owners*"; "*Original Letters of the Duke of Monmouth*"; several papers on Gundreda de Warenne; "*Monastic and Ecclesiastical Costume*"; "*Hastings v. Senlac*"; the "*Water Supply of Ancient British Encampments*"; "*Royalist Rising in Wilts in 1655*"; the "*Parrs of Kendal Castle*"; with other similar Papers. I edited also a work on the battle of Poitiers, and the "*Hostages*" of the French King, taken prisoner there, when sent to England by the Treaty of Brétigny in 1360; a list of the "*Commissioners of the Navy*" from 1660 to 1760. I have lately translated from the German, a brochure on "*Mariolatry*"; a 3rd vol. of Cluny Records, "*The Chapters' General and Visitations of the Order of Cluni in Germany, Alsace, Lorraine, England, and Poland*", which with the present, will be the last effort of my sight. This supplementary volume of Cluny Records, has been deemed by those competent to judge, most important and valuable, for it shows beyond contradiction, how necessary was that great Reformation, brought about by Luther and others; a matter which of course Roman Catholics deny. Some of the monasteries dealt with in that work, were among those very religious houses, which seceded from the Church of Rome at that time. For this undertaking, dedicated by special permission to the late Duke Ernest of Saxe Coburg-Gotha, and which must have just reached Coburg on the day of his fatal illness, the present Duke Alfred I. has conferred on me the 1st class of the "*Saxe Ernestine House Order*." H.H. the late Duke was well able to appreciate successful labour, and had already given me the Saxe Coburg and Gotha

“Order of Merit” for my Military Dictionary. Moreover, H.H. was in descent from that celebrated Elector of Saxony, who harboured Luther at Eisenach in order to safeguard him from his enemies &c. The French Republic has also granted me a Special “Gold Medal of Honour” for the service that Supplementary Volume on Cluny has rendered to Archæology.

Thus far I have brought my literary labours to a close, for to continue to work, as my inclination would be, might strip me (blind as I am), of any credit the foregoing have obtained.

Before closing, however, this very *egotistical* narrative—but what autobiography is not so—I may state that about 1867-8, I gave an unreflecting consent to my wife’s becoming a Roman Catholic, a step made in perfect ignorance (unpardonable though it was), of what was to ensue, and one, after the truth broke in upon me, I shall deplore till the day of my death.

This private matter is not withheld, because by its mention, I entertain a hope (though slight), of warning the unwary among those to come. I know no set of men who have damaged mankind more than the Puseyites, for they first set the ball rolling; then came the so-called senseless Oxford movement, which made a Cardinal of one, and Roman Catholic Priests of others; and now we have the Ritualists, who are preparing intentionally or unintentionally many recruits for Romanism. There have been Roman Catholic Priests, who to their eternal honour, have left their faith, and it is not only on my own well derived suspicion, (or rather knowledge), but on their own deposition, that I

am able to affirm also, that the doctrines of the Confessional, are "the most ingenious device ever invented by the Great Enemy of man for the destruction of the human soul." Such fearful words coming, above all, from a Confessing Priest, and ratified by more than one seceding Priest, are direct and sufficient evidence. For my self, I have sighed when I reflected on such a state of things in this country, for the good old times in that respect of Queen Bess, and her much abused parent, as well as for those of my plucky forefathers who seceded from Romanism, for neither priests or others were then allowed to play ecclesiastical pranks, or at sensational religion, if anything of that sort is worthy of the name. No, there is too much "Liberty of Conscience" now-a-days, as there is also on many other matters, and it were well could the Church of England be forced back again to its original Reformation-principles, to the utter annihilation of those two "R's," Romanism and its half sister Ritualism. The rising generation may not see the force of my remarks, but let them take heed, Roman Catholics still hope to see Mass again performed in Westminster Abbey! This was just what that bigoted Monarch James II. wanted to effect, but our ancestors knew better, and they sent him to St. Germain, to which (or to some very less agreeable place) I would consign all worshippers of the two said sects in question, had I the power.

With this I close my brief, necessarily egotistical, moderately interesting, and less important biographical Memoir; I say "brief," because much more of my later life I leave (as observed), purposely unrecorded, although

in some respects not devoid of instruction. Were I to recapitulate the sayings and doings of all the pleasant people I have met with during the last thirty or forty years of my life, or recount all that I have known, I might probably add to the interest of these pages ; were I on the other hand, to publish *totidem verbis* for the edification and warning of those to come, the different traps (especially of the Jesuitical kind), into which I have fallen during that time, and name those who set them with their iniquitous consequences, I might bring myself not only into trouble and hot water, but create for myself a still more formidable snare. The mental agony and distress of which Jesuitical doctrine and practices have been productive, are beyond description. There are many for whom these allusions will quite suffice ; there are also not a few for whom the "cap may fit," and in that case pray "let them wear it." Such a narrative, more or less identical with other disclosures (already given to the world, and much to their honour, by more than one "renegade" priest), might suit or befit a sensational story book of the lowest type, and for that cause alone must be totally ignored.

And now my charming young friends, (and less partial readers), my story is finished, like my life, for that will soon be over also ; I have recorded many matters, and have omitted many which might point a salutary moral, but in either case brief is the span, and few in reality the incidents of human life, neither does so called longevity add much thereto, for "We bring our years to an end like a tale that is told," and after the allotted age, second childhood soon sets in, and goes for nothing in

the page of biography. For my own part, I have had no pleasure in recording my reminiscences, for notwithstanding the solicitude and careful training of an excellent father in my earliest days, I lived practically without God in the world, and of all that I have had to record, this feeling alone surpasses every other consideration. To have escaped, as often as I have, whilst in that frame of mind and heathenly condition, the jaws of death during my long and eventful career, equalling, if not exceeding that of most human beings, is marvellous in my sight, and calls for far more than man's idea of gratitude. But still even to this reflection a corollary may well be added ; though the sequel to my tale must ever be lamented, facts verify the truth of those Scriptural words,—“ I have been young, but am now old, yet never saw I the righteous man deserted, or his seed begging their bread.”

BENE VALETE.

Brighton, May 15th, 1894.

APPENDIX.

GOETHE'S "FAUST."

[*Translation from the "Faust" of Goethe; being the "Introduction" or "Preliminary Opening" to that Poem, and the "Prologue in Heaven" by the three Archangels, Michael, Gabriel, and Raphael.**]

INTRODUCTORY.

Again ye come as in Life's early day,
Mysterious Forms which once my mind possessed,
Shall I attempt your fluttering hues to stay?
Are such old dreams now suited to my breast?
Still, still, ye come!—once more I own your sway,
As dim ye rise in shadowy darkness drest;
My bosom with the heart of youth come back,
Thrills to the spell that hovers in your track.

Ye bring the days of joys long since resigned,
And many a lovely form beams forth again,
Like some old tale still lingering in the mind,
Comes Love once more, and Friendship in its train;
I feel the grief, the tears once more I find,
Of Life's bewildering scenes of toil and pain,
And honour'd names I hear, whom Fortune's tide
Long since, alas! hath wafted from my side.

They hear no more the smooth divided song,
The souls who listen'd to my early lay,
Their kind encouragement hath vanished long,
The echoing heart, alas! has passed away;
My grief is uttered to an unknown throng,
Whose very praises strike me with dismay,
And all, who in my earlier strains found worth,
If still they live, are scattered o'er the earth.

I feel once more a passion quenched by years,
The wonders of the unseen world to seek,
My infant lay arises on my ears,
Like strains that from Eolian music break;
A dread comes o'er me—tears succeed to tears,
And this strong heart feels powerless and weak,
What I possess grows faint and undefined,
And all the past seems present to my mind.

* The metre of the original has been strictly adhered to in the versification, and it is worthy of note, as probably a solitary instance of the kind, that whilst the language and literal wording of the Poem is solely due to Sir George Duckett, (then Captain Duckett), the versification was the work of one totally ignorant of German, and that gentleman was Professor Burrows, late of the Royal College, Port Louis, Isle of France. Composed at sea, on board the "Union" Transport, June 25th, 1841.

Ihr naht euch wieder, schwankende Gestalten,
Die früh sich einst dem trüben Blick gezeigt,
Versuch' ich wohl, euch diesmal fest zu halten?
Fühl' ich mein Herz noch jenem Wahn geneigt?
Ihr drängt euch zu! Nun gut, so mögt ihr walten,
Wie ihr aus Dunst und Nebel um mich steigt;
Mein Busen fühlt sich jugendlich erschüttert
Vom Zauberhauch, der euren Zug umwittert.

Ihr bringt mit euch die Bilder froher Tage,
Und manche liebe Schatten steigen auf;
Gleich einer alten, halbverklungenen Sage,
Kommt erste Lieb' und Freundschaft mit herauf;
Der Schmerz wird neu, es wiederholt die Klage
Des Lebens labyrinthisch irren Lauf,
Und nennt die Guten, die, um schöne Stunden
Vom Glück getäuscht, vor mir hinweggeschwunden.

Sie hören nicht die folgenden Gesänge,
Die Seelen, denen ich die ersten sang;
Zerstorben ist das freundliche Gedränge,
Verklungen, ach! der erste Wiederklang.
Mein Leid ertönt der unbekannten Menge,
Ihr Beifall selbst macht meinem Herzen bang,
Und was sich sonst an meinem Lied erfreuet,
Wen es noch lebt, irrt in der Welt zerstreuet.

Und mich ergreift ein längst entwöhntes Sehnen,
Nach jenem stillen, ernsten Geisterreich,
Es schwebet nun in unbestimmten Tönen
Mein lispelnd Lied, der Aeolsharfe gleich;
Ein Schauer fasst mich, Thräne folgt den Thränen,
Das strenge Herz, es fühlt sich mild und weich;
Was ich besitze, seh'ich wie im Weiten,
Und was verschwand, wird mir zu Wirklichkeiten.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

RAPHAEL.

The sun mid Heaven's united choir,
 Resounds as erst when time was young,
 And ends his custom'd course of Fire,
 At evening in a thunder-song.
 His aspect gives the Angels power,
 Though none can comprehend his way;
 And Nature's works appear this hour,
 As great as on Creation's Day.

GABRIEL.

And swift and soon the earth revolves,
 Its glittering scenes o'erspread with light,
 And all its glorions show dissolves
 In deep impenetrable night;
 The billows of the headlong deep
 Are dashed in foam along the shore;
 And shore and sea together sweep,
 In rapid course for evermore.

MICHAEL.

Contending tempests loud resound,
 On shore and sea, on land and main,
 And Nature's elements around,
 Are mingled in a tangling chain;
 The lightning's flash breaks out before
 The thunder-cloud's destructive way;
 But still Thy servants, Lord! adore
 The peaceful walking of Thy day.

THE THREE.

Thine aspect gives the Angels power,
 Though none can comprehend Thy way!
 And all Thy works appear this hour
 As great as on Creation's Day.

PROLOG IM HIMMEL.

RAPHAEL.

Die Sonne tönt nach alter Weise
 In Brudersphären Wettgesang,
 Und ihre vorgeschrieb'ne Reise
 Vollendet sie mit Donnergang,
 Ihr Anblick gibt den Engeln Stärke,
 Wenn keiner sie ergründen mag;
 Die unbegreiflich hohen Werke
 Sind herrlich, wie am ersten Tag.

GABRIEL.

Und schnell und unbegreiflich schnelle
 Dreht sich umher der Erde Pracht :
 Es wechselt Paradieseshelle
 Mit tiefer schauervoller Nacht ;
 Es schäumt das Meer in breiten Flüssen
 Am tiefen Grund der Felsen auf,
 Und Fels und Meer wird fortgerissen
 In ewig schnellem Sphärenlauf.

MICHAEL.

Und Stürme brausen um die Wette,
 Vom Meer auf's Land, vom Land auf's Meer,
 Und bilden wüthend eine Kette
 Der tiefsten Wirkung rings umher.
 Da flammt ein blitzendes Verheeren
 Dem Pfade vor des Donnerschlags ;
 Doch deine Boten, Herr ! verehren
 Das sanfte Wandeln deines Tags.

ZU DREI.

Der Anblick gibt den Engeln Stärke,
 Da keiner dich ergründen mag,
 Und alle deine hohen Werke
 Sind herrlich, wie am ersten Tag.

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